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BERANGER.

THIS singular and admirable writer has obtained in France an unrivalled reputation, which has overflowed into all the countries of Europe. He is perhaps, however, less known in England than in any other part of the civilised world; and, as Englishmen are politicians in every thing, the present moment is especially favourable for saying a word or two about him to our countrymen, seeing that his last volume of songs has just been prohibited by the French Government, and that he himself is about to be made the object of a ministerial prosecution. His songs, which, in a great proportion of instances, have a direct political purpose, are more perfect; and of more various perfection, than any others we are acquainted with. Burns is alone comparable to him; and it must be allowed that Béranger has given us nothing at all equal to the collection of graceful, picturesque, and impassioned love-verses, which grew under the thoughts of the Scottish ploughman, like a harvest of wild flowers beneath the spring. On the other hand, while the French song-writer has shown, in several instances, that he had this splendid kind of endowment in at least nearly as large a measure as the Ayrshire peasant, he has put forth powers of other sorts, which the circumstances, if not the foundation, of Burns's mind, prevented him from ever manifesting—a genius for the most forcible, copious, and concentrated political satire that, perhaps, ever existed upon earth, since the time when the demagogues of Athens quaked before the comic mask of Aristophanes. This extraordinary writer has, in a thousand forms, displayed the ability to condense into a stanza a whole great public drama, with innumerable details of action, dress, thought, interest, and passion; each, perhaps, only indicated by a single word, but each as vivid and impressive as if he had literally transferred the scene, with all its living personages, to his own narrow and graceful page. Of the feelings of the enlightened part of France with regard to him, we have seen no so true and so striking an expression as in the number of 'Le Globe' for Saturday the 11th of October, from which we have translated some portions:

'Who is not a confidant of the secrets of this simple-minded man, sprung as he is from the people, and educated like themselves? Who has not talked of him for hours, by the fireside, at table, in the woods, our eyes moist with sympathy? and what can criticism discover which is not already known to all the world? In any writings about him, I know but one thing which could now give pleasure; all the details, namely, of that little story, which will appear so large to posterity—a preface to every song, recording that at such an hour, of such a day, he had such and such recollections, afflictions, pleasures; he was walking with his friends, or with his mistress; he was walking hither or thither, he was reposing in reverie, with a novel in his hand and tears in his eyes, while his look wandered carelessly to the skies, or rested with curious interest on a group of the people; he distinguished some gesture, or caught some phrase; and this trifling, this slight, this look, this gesture, or word, united into the song before us. But none except himself could tell us this; none but himself explain the long turns and

windings of his thoughts and labours; his exertions to bend himself to the form required, and to condense himself within a line of chorus; his hours of fatigue and discouragement, and then, of a sudden, his bursts of fecility, when the impulse has seized him, and he speeds on like the melody to which he is composing.

'This is what will interest all men, and this too is what would explain the inequalities of the poet. For by this we should discover how the songs which give us less of pleasure have been, as it were, wrung from him by circumstances independent of himself and of his own fancy; how he has sought for them a moment of that inspiration which commonly comes without announcement, and stays unasked; and how sorrow, bitterness, or fierceness, or an almost hysteric gaiety, sometimes darkens or frenzies that spirit which seems naturally so gentle, so easy, and so calm. But it would be, above all, curious and precious to follow the wanderings of that mind, which, dancing forth, in appearance, from the humblest and most fantastic recitals, makes solemn pilgrimages to meditate on the thoughts of death and of futurity. Age, without doubt, and circumstances, and sorrow, have bowed the head of the free songster; and he has grown grave together with his country. But, in truth, does not this result depend upon the tendencies of his nature? His gaiety, at its wildest and amidst all the turbulence of the wine-cup, has, perhaps, something of labour, and difficulty, and contradiction. Has it not frequently the air and bearing of having been produced on a plan, and armed by a resolution? Is it entirely the result of headlong liveliness? I think not. Behind his graceful buffooneries and grotesque affectation of licentiousness, I see a heart but ill at ease; and there breaks out perpetually some new evidence that the imagination, wherever it exists in all its strength, will always be imbued with far too much of purity and elevation to endeavour at seriously resolving the whole of life into the dregs of a bottle, or letting it expire amid the vapours of sensuality. Hence those images, often far-fetched, though so brilliant and so various; those combinations, more burlesque than comic; and those jests with so far more of bitterness than of gaiety. The intoxicated poet sees his own intoxication, and describes it like a censor. It is well that this should be so; for it is this which constitutes the superiority of Béranger over all other song-writers.'

The volume just published by M. Béranger* has been seized by the police, on account of some allusions to the Bourbons, and it is now almost impossible to obtain a copy in Paris. With some difficulty we have procured one, and we subjoin one of the best of the songs. It is followed by some English verses, which, in conformity to custom, we have called a translation, but which, we are as well aware as can be the most critical of our readers, express only some of the ruder and less important of the poet's forms, and even those very inadequately. Our only apology for their imperfection (we are quite willing that our readers should use any harsher word which may please them better) is, that to transmute the diviner spirit, the vividness, the simplicity, the truth, in short, the poetry of the originals, would require an imagination as rich, a taste as delicate, a command of language as omnipotent, as that of Béranger himself. Of the verses themselves we will only say that we regret so clever and amiable a man should have employed his genius upon so

* The title is as follows: 'Chansons inédites de M. P. J. De Béranger. Paris. Baudouin, 1828.

worthless a subject; and, thank heaven, that even the poetry of Béranger has not weakened our detestation of Napoleon.

LES SOUVENIRS DU PEUPLE.

AIR: 'Passez votre chemin, beau Sire.'

On parlera de sa gloire
Sous le caume bien longtemps;
L'humble toit dans cinquante ans,
Ne connaîtra pas d'autre histoire.
Là viendront les villageois
Dire alors à quelque vieille,
'Par des récits d'autrefois,
Mère, abrégez notre vieillesse.
Bien,' dit-on, 'qu'il nous ait nui,
Le peuple encor le révère,
Oui, le révère.
Parlez nous de lui, grand'mère,
Parlez nous de lui.'

'Mes enfans, dans ce village
Suivi des rois il passa,
Voilà bien longtemps de ça,
Il venait d'entrer en ménage,
A pied grimpant le coteau,
Où pour voir je m'étais mise,
Il avait petit chapeau,
Avec redingotte grise.
Près de lui je me trouvais;
Il me dit: Bonjour, ma chère,
Bonjour, ma chère.
'Il vous a parlé, grand'mère!
Il vous a parlé!'

'L'an d'après, moi, pauvre femme,
A Paris étant un jour,
Je le vis avec sa cour;
Il se rendait à Notre Dame.
Tous les cœurs étaient contents,
On admirait son cortège.
Chacun disait: Quel beau tems!
Le ciel toujours le protège.
Son sourire était bien doux,
D'un fils Dieu le rendait père,
Le rendait père!
'Quel beau jour pour vous, grand'mère!
Quel beau jour pour vous!'

'Mais quand la pauvre Champagne
Fut en proie aux étrangers,
Lui, bravant tous les dangers,
Semblait seul tenir la campagne.
Un soir tout comme aujourd'hui,
J'entends frapper à la porte,
J'ouvris: bon Dieu, c'était lui,
Suivi d'une faible escorte.
Il s'assied où me voilà,
S'écriant: Ah! quelle guerre!
Ah! quelle guerre!
'Il s'est assis là, grand'mère!
Il s'est assis là!'

'J'ai faim, dit-il; et bien vite,
Je sers piquette et pain bis.
Puis il sèche ses habits;
Même à dormir le feu l'invite.
Au réveil voyant mes pleurs,
Il me dit: Bonne espérance,
Je cours de tous ses malheurs
Sous Paris venger la France!
Il part, et comme un trésor,
J'ai depuis gardé son verre,
Gardé son verre.
'Vous l'avez encor, grand'mère!
Vous l'avez encor!'

'Le voici. Mais à sa perte
Le héros fut entraîné.
Lui qu'un Pape a couronné,
Est mort dans une île déserte.
Longtemps aucun ne l'a cru ;
On disait : Il va parotter ;
Par mer il est accouru :
L'étranger va voir son maître.
Derrière quand on nous tira,
Ma douleur fut bien amère,
Fut bien amère !
'Dieu vous bénira, grand'mère !
Dieu vous bénira.'

TRANSLATION.

Amid the lowly, straw-built shed,
Long while the peasant speak his glory ;
And, when some fifty years have fled,
The thatch will hear no other story.
Around some old and hoary dame
The village crowd will oft exclaim,
'Mother, now tell midnight chimes ;
Tell us tales of other times.
He wronged us ! Say it as they will,
The people loves his memory still.
Mother, now the day is dim,
Mother, tell us now of him !'

'My children, in our village here,
I saw him once by Kings attended ;
That time has past this many a year ;
For scarce my maiden days were ended.
On foot he climbed the hill, and nigh
To where I watched him passing by ;
Small his hat upon that day,
And he wore a coat of grey ;
And when he saw me shake with dread,
"Good day to you, my dear," he said.
—'Oh ! and Mother, is it true ?
Mother, did he speak to you ?'

'From this a year had passed away,
Again in Paris streets I found him :
To *Notre-dame* he rode that day,
With all his gallant court around him.
All eyes admired the show the while,
No face that did not wear a smile :
See how brightly shine the skies !
"Tis for him !" the people cries ;
And then his face was soft with joy,
For God had blessed him with a boy.
'Mother, oh how glad to see
Days that must so happy be !'

'But when o'er all our province ran
The bloody armies of the strangers,
Alone he seemed, that famous man,
To fight against a thousand dangers.
One evening, just like this one here,
I heard a knock that made me fear :
Entered, when I opened the door,
He, and guards, perhaps a score ;
And, seated where I sit, he said,
"To what a war have I been led !"
'Mother, and was that the chair ?
Mother, was he seated there ?
"Dame, I'm hungry," then he cried ;
I set our bread and wine before him ;
Here at the fire his clothes he dried—
And slept, while watched his followers o'er him.
When, with a start he rose from sleep,
He saw me in my terror weep :—
And he said, "Nay, France is strong,
Soon will I avenge her wrong."
Now, 'tis the dearest thing of mine,
That glass in which he drank my wine.
'And, through change of good and ill,
Mother, you have kept it still ?'
'Tis this. The hero soon was driven
From out the land he saved and cherished ;
And he, whose crown a Pope had given,
Upon a desert island perished.
Long time would none believe the tale ;
They said, "We soon shall see his sail ;
'Twas by sea he came before,
Quickly he'll bestir the shore."
But, when I found the story true,
How bitter was the grief I knew !
'Mother, 'twas a just distress—
'Twas a sorrow God will bless !'

[NOTE.—We received this article from Paris in the course of last week ; and our Correspondent appears not to have been aware that any copy of 'The Souvenirs du Peuple' had found its way to England. We have

discovered, however, that these verses were published in 'The Sphinx' for April 9, 1828, being obtained, we understand, for that Paper through the medium of a friend of M. Béranger. Under these circumstances, we should have cancelled the verses, (we were not apprised of the circumstances till they were printed,) if our Correspondent's agreeable translation had not given us a sufficient excuse for introducing them.—Ed.]

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

LIFE IN INDIA.

Life in India ; or the English at Calcutta. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London, 1828.

FROM some circumstances which we have lately observed, we begin to entertain, not a rash confidence, but a cheering conviction, that the race of fashionable novels is extinct. Many works which bear no resemblance to them in nature, may still, no doubt, continue to bear the name. Indeed, a publisher would be wrong at once to abandon a designation so dear to the watering-place public. That simple-hearted portion of the community read 'Waverley,' under the persuasion that it was a Minerva Press tale ; and without such a persuasion, it is scarcely probable that they would have tolerated so elaborate a composition. A pious fraud of the like nature may be necessary now ; for, though the helots of the circulating librarians are not likely to rebel, merely because there is a change of dynasty, it is just as well not to announce the news to them too suddenly. Till some new race can be found to occupy the vacant throne of nonsense, it is quite expedient that obedience should be secured by a superstitious use of the old titles and insignia.

This season has produced two novels : 'The Anglo-Irish,' (which the wise newspapers have attributed to Mr. Banim, and which they might with as much reason have attributed to Sir Walter Scott,) and 'The English in India.' Both these novels, we believe, are classed in the Advertisements under the head of 'fashionable novels.' But without any acquaintance with the author or authoress of either of them, we do on their behalf disclaim the imputation. They are both of them honest, respectable publications, not indebted for any portion of their interest to titles or Turkey carpets, and conveying valuable information respecting two of the most important nations in the world. We have already done justice to the merits of the first of these novels : we will now give an account of the other.

'The English in India,' we are sure, is the work of a lady, though there are many descriptions, and powerful descriptions, of battles at sea and land, and even accounts of military manoeuvres, of which no female could have personal knowledge. But there is a cleverness and a feebleness in the observations, an accurate discrimination of the most minute peculiarities of manners, and an inaptitude for sketching character, considerable skill in describing incidents, and no skill at all in concentrating them into a plot,—which could never meet in any writer except a female one. The chief interest of the book is in the description of Indian scenes and society ; and we will not, therefore, attempt an analysis of the plot ; but we will give our readers some general information respecting the *dramatis personæ*.

The novel opens with the departure of the ship *Cumberland* for Calcutta. This vessel contained a goodly cargo of fair passengers, the inventory of whom is as follows : Miss Percy, a tall, elegant girl, with large dark eyes, long silken eyelashes, and excellent principles ; her sister, Elizabeth Percy, also a fair good girl, but with a more subdued expression of face than the before-mentioned Miss Charlotte Percy ; Miss Hume, a Scotch young lady, but that, and a little more stiffness in her walk than we exactly approve, are her only faults ; Miss Pantton, one of the liveliest and prettiest of the set, but, we are concerned to add, a desperate flirt, and no small vixen ; lastly, the two Misses Owen—Isabella and Caroline—

very fashionable, and particularly uninteresting. All these young ladies, the object of whose visit to Hindoostan is not very distinctly pointed out, though something is said about relatives, and though possibly a faint notion may be gleaned from the subsequent history—are under the conduct of Colonel Howard, who is uncle to the Misses Percy, and a very pleasant, gentlemanlike, honourable man. It would have been a dull time for some of our fair friends if they had been quite alone in the vessel ; but, fortunately, there were, besides the Captain, who, as usual in novels, is not a man but a sailor simply—Capt. Bently, a very sentimental person, who, long before the vessel had doubled the Cape, was a deep, but not hopeless, lover of Miss Elizabeth Percy ; Lieut. West, who became the slave of Miss Pantton, and whom that imperious young lady compelled to do her bidings, even to the intolerable extent of sacrificing an exceedingly promising pair of mustachios ; and lastly, an American physician, whom that same Miss Pantton amused herself with tormenting as much as the unfortunate Lieutenant, though probably with less evil intentions. The vessel spent about a fortnight at the Cape, and here we have some exceedingly pretty descriptions of scenery ; and here also our friends meet with a Calcutta bar-rister, of the name of Fortescue, who is of considerable importance in the sequel. We are now, our readers must understand, somewhere in the year 1812, consequently two years before the year 1814,—consequently at war. Accordingly, the good ship *Cumberland*, shortly after making Ceylon, comes into contest with three French frigates, and is captured. By an order of the French Captain, at first considered an act of wanton cruelty, but the reason of which was afterwards apparent, the female passengers were taken on board the French vessel, and the gentlemen forced to remain in the *Cumberland* on parole. Soon after this distressing arrangement was concluded, an English frigate hove in sight. An engagement ensued,—the *Cumberland* is recaptured. Night comes on. The French frigate makes sail, and, after a short pursuit, escapes, our poor fair friends being on board, without a single ally or acquaintance. But their calamities were but begun. A tremendous hurricane,—which is so well described that we would quote it, if we were not anxious to push forwards to Calcutta,—rises, and the vessel, during the whole night, is on the point of sinking. The two Misses Owen and Miss Pantton scream most wofully, and not without reason ; but those three excellent young ladies, Charlotte and Elizabeth Percy and Flora Hume, enact the parts of three angels, or rather, which was more out of character, of three stout-hearted sea-women. Though they were not able to effect much in the way of clearing the vessel of water, we are inclined to believe that it was mainly owing to their presence in the vessel that the storm abated the next morning. We wish we could say that their misfortunes were even now at an end ; but, besides their beautiful tresses being drenched with the storm, a circumstance which, though it gave an interesting appearance to their pale faces, was, nevertheless, unpleasant, they were likewise nearly starved. At length, however, the vessel arrived at Port Louis ; but even then the barbarous Captain would not allow them to go on shore till a cartel, with an exchange of prisoners, arrived from Madras. Six long weeks did our poor friends stay on board the anchored vessel : they were then, thanks to Colonel Howard's providence, furnished with all things needful ; and in due time, with some accession of sea-experience, arrived at Calcutta.

The adventures of these young ladies form the subject of the remainder of the work. We will not go into particulars ; for, if we have succeeded in interesting our readers respecting our heroines, they will ascertain their fate from the original source of intelligence ; and, if not, our narrative would be of no worth. We will simply, therefore, remark, that their history is very various. The

Misses Owen accomplish the great end of their existence; and we hear no more of them. Elizabeth Percy maintains her constancy to Bently through many trials, and is at last rewarded for it. Flora Hume marries a Major Melville; but bitter sorrows are mingled in her cup, which are the means of calling out and showing forth the depth and purity of her character. Miss Pantan jilts West, and marries an old Indian Judge; and the rest of her life is a tale of folly and wretchedness. The course of Charlotte Percy's true love runs less smoothly than that of any of her companions; and we are consequently more interested in her. She becomes devotedly attached to Fortescue, an accomplished and high-minded man, who, after exhibiting great interest in her, seems to shrink from her society; a deep mystery hangs over their fate; and Charlotte Percy has an opportunity of displaying a warmth and earnestness of character, and a meek spirit of self-denial, which, in our judgment, so far exceeds in interest the vulgar heroism of ordinary novel-girls that, when her fortunes at last terminated in brightness, we could not help feeling unusual sorrow at the reflection, that the time must come when she would have to nurse little children and keep accounts.

And here it is our duty, no less than our pleasure, to inform our readers, that, if, in the course of this hasty analysis of 'Life in India,' we have not made it appear that it is the wish of the authoress to inculcate the highest, purest, and most self-sacrificing morality, it is our fault, and not hers. The principles which pervade her book are as rare as they are excellent, and (the constant accompaniment of good principles) her work displays considerable *courage*. Unlike some other 'Percys' we have read of, who study all the indications of attachment in the other sex, calculate to a nicety the chances in their favour, and, if they nearly amount to certainty, straightway fall in love; if not, continue working muslin-caps and copying geraniums just as before—our authoress's heroines follow the impulses of their gentle, honest hearts; but, when it is right to curb their dearest inclinations, or to sacrifice their longest cherished hopes, display a genuine heroism and devotedness, as different from the prudence of Miss Edgeworth's ladies as the principles from which they spring are different—as different, in short, as the principles of Christianity are from those of Archdeacon Paley.

The parts of the book which describe Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Ponsonby, the respective guardians of the Percys and Miss Pantan, indicate uncommon cleverness. We have said, that our author does not excel in sketching characters; but there are kinds of no-characters which it requires, not perhaps genius, but exquisite discrimination and delicacy of observation to paint, and in which she succeeds admirably. We said *kind* of no-character; for in her delineation of these two ladies, our authoress has, with great subtlety, proved, that there are often lines of distinction even between persons who, at first sight, appear to have no marked feature. Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Ponsonby are both negatives, both selfish and both inane; but the selfishness and inanity of the first are passive, and of the second, active. Both aspire to be stars in the world of fashion; but the one is a quiet, easy, cold, and somewhat gentle, fashionist; the other is obtrusive and hard-working. The effect of these two no-characters upon their respective husbands is also very cleverly described. Mr. Russell is an amiable, well-disposed, docile man, a fond husband, whose mind and heart have evidently become inactive merely from want of exercise. Mr. Ponsonby, on the contrary, is a good-tempered man also, but one who, driven from his wife's society, has betaken himself to low company, and become a horse jockey. We mention these particulars, because it is in little traits of character, much more than in broader and bolder delineations, that our author excels; and, as one of the talents in which she is deficient

is the power of exhibiting her talents to advantage, we are anxious to bring her latent merits forth.

We will now extract one or two interesting Oriental descriptions. The following is the description of a party at the Rajah Rage Chundre's, to which Mr. Russell and his wife were invited, and the purpose of which was to celebrate the nuptials of the Rajah's son:

'On the appointed evening Mrs. Russell found she had a large party to accompany her, of which number were Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby, and Mr. Marriot, with his volatile little bride. A legion of muskies were in readiness to attend them; and, when the carriages were drawn up, and their lamps replenished with wax lights, the whole party proceeded one after another through narrow streets and lanes, making a hundred turnings and windings, into the centre of native Calcutta. As every city on the face of the earth has some labyrinth at its core, even the "city of Palaces" is not without lanes, alleys, and ditches, black as Styx, in which that disgusting animal the bandy coot (an immense rat) fattens and grows to the size of a young cat.

'For a quarter of a mile before they approached the scene of action, they were guided in the right path by a splendid line of illuminations, behind a breast-work of fantastical coloured papers conducting them to the door. They were almost forced along by the great concourse of European and native vehicles, all crowding the same way. Pedestrians and equestrians, some ambling upon white horses, with tails and manes dyed red, and strings of rupees jingling round their necks. Young Mussulmen were conspicuous in pink satin trousers, sky-blue waistcoats, fastened on the left side with gold fillagree buttons; scarlet robes, bound round the waist by a shawl, whose end hung down to display its embroidery; richly wrought turbans, placed, to grace the head, considerably on one side, giving to view the coal-black, cropped, well-brushed hair of the wearer, brought to meet their carefully kept whiskers and mustachios. They were mounted on unbroken, unmanageable animals curveting to the annoyance of every creature in their zig-zag route, and to the pride of the riders, who, perched aloft, (in the high pointed Hindostanee saddles, their feet thrust out in immense stirrups,) kept their seats in disdain, and showed their equestrian skill, threading their way, sometimes head, and sometimes tail, foremost; while the coachmen, passing did not spare a lash upon the refractory steeds, nor the sices a hearty malediction on their riders. The groaning or rather grunting palanquin-bearers, as they ran under their load, the shouts of Chubadarrs, (preservers of silence,) which they enforced by making as much noise as they could, and by a liberal use of their rattans to right and left, served to fill up the scene.

'An immense crowd was collected to witness the outdoor amusement provided for them. The court had been transformed into a fortification resembling to the clang of musical instruments. Pastboard castles and bartizans, were manned with puppets as large as life, who fought and danced for their amusement. The respect which natives have in general for Europeans, admitted all of that complexion within doors; and, as a means of continuing "the Empire founded upon opinion," it would be wise if that hospitality was only extended to those who receive invitations, and the friends they bring with them.

'The mansions of natives of rank or fortune are in general large quadrangular buildings surrounding a spacious paved court; which on public nights is carpeted, lighted, and roofed, in a very elegant manner, suitable to the steadiness of the climate and fineness of the night. A large net interwoven with artificial flowers is stretched over the inclosure; through its interstices the stars show their "green sparkling eyes," or the moon is seen to walk in beauty through the dark blue depths. Rajah Rage Chundre's house was, however, built upon a different plan. His extensive suit of public rooms were all roofed in, and separated from each other by rows of pillars, which presented an almost interminable perspective.

'On entering, our party stood for a few minutes gazing with astonishment upon the scene which presented itself. It seemed as if the spell of a fairy had wrought the change, and that they were transported into one of her gold and silver palaces. Pillars, walls, roofs, all appeared of the same costly materials, studded with jewels, various and brilliant enough to vie with the rainbow. The whole was executed by such cunning workmen, that it was not till the eye was assisted by the finger, that it was possible to distinguish the glittering stone from substantial reality.

"I fear," said Miss Pantan, affecting to draw back timidly, "I fear to enter this enchanted palace, which is doubtless the residence of some stern and inexorable enchanter."

"Aye," answered Montessor, "and the abode of many a captive damsel; but you, Miss Pantan, can never fear chains, you only rivet them on others."

'To Miss Pantan a compliment was always a compliment, and she smiled graciously. Mr. Marriot bid her observe, that the "horrid enchanter seemed transformed into a beneficent genius," who, in the form of the master of the house, advanced to the door to meet guests of their rank, and, according to Hindoo etiquette, handed Mrs. Russell to the principal seat, the rest of the company following. Chairs were placed for them at the top of the great centre-hall, upon an elevated platform near the bridegroom's throne, which was as sumptuous as gold and crimson velvet could make it. The platform ran all round the apartment, and was furnished with chairs for the European gentry, and velvet cushions for the Natives; without it, was a space for promenade, and within, an area richly covered with Persian carpets, upon which the musicians, singers, and dancers, exhibited their several talents. The whole house was lighted by wax-light in English chandeliers, shedding a flood of splendour over the brilliant scene.'—Vol. i. pp. 239—245.

We pass over a conversation between Mr. Fortescue and Rammohun Roy, the Hindoo Theist.

'While this conversation was going on in one part of the room, perfumed bouquets were handed round in another, with rose-water and essence of sandal-wood. Their host, with native courtesy, called for all the songs which European guests wished to hear. Nicky, the Catalani of the East, sang several beautiful Persian and Hindostanee airs, with great power and wild pathos. The dancing by which they were accompanied was a mere pantomimic motion of the hands and feet, to add expression to the song. Miss Pantan, impatient of language which she did not understand, and fatigued with the stillness of what was termed dancing, asked, "If there was nothing more amusing?" The Rajah signified this wish to his attendants, who instantly gave the order; and, clearing a space for the actresses, whom they summoned, two fine-looking young women advanced, and, placing themselves in haughty attitudes opposite to each other, commenced singing a kind of recitative with great earnestness and gesticulation; they were shrouded in drapery of an ample size, part of which, by a motion of the arms, they raised behind their shoulders, in the manner of a turkey-cock spreading his tail, and pretty much with the action of that strutting bird when he has displayed the ensigns of his pride, crossed and re-crossed each other with a quick pattering step, still holding the drapery extended and singing with increasing energy all the time, shaking their wrists, and striking their feet on the ground so as to ring all the little silver bells which were attached to their bracelets and anklets, in accompaniment to the air they were singing. When their performance was ended, they retired to one of the outer rooms, and squatted themselves on a mat on the floor until their presence should be again ordered.

'What this dance was intended to represent, Miss Pantan could not comprehend; but the ludicrous effect amused her exceedingly, and she declared it was worth all the rest of it together.

'The Rajah again spoke a word to his attendants, who, laying the palm of one hand to the palm of the other, as is their mode of expressing respectful submission, answered with a profound inclination. "He is brought;" went out, and returned leading in a handsome up-country boy, of about twelve or thirteen years of age, who sang the favourite air, "Tazabab tazab," in a way his European hearers could never have imagined. At the beginning of his song, which was very quick, he set himself in motion like a tottum, whirling with the greatest rapidity. His voice and action kept time to each other; then in cadence he threw himself first on the right foot and then on the left, singing all the while in perfect measure, and with so little exertion, that, without the evidence of eye-sight, it was impossible to conceive his voice that of a person in violent motion.

"How strange!" said Miss Pantan; "while that creature is whirling so fast that it is hardly possible to note his movements, he sings with as much ease as if he had nothing else to do."

"Yes, yes," returned Montessor; "that fellow is in capital wind; but it seems a native gift. Have you ever observed your sices? though your horses are going at full speed, and they are running by them as

fast as they can lay legs to the ground, they are never blown. There is nothing finer than the style in which these fellows throw out their legs without moving their arms, carrying their bodies as erect as a dart all the time. If you stop ever so suddenly in the midst of their speed, they are able to answer a question with as much composure as if they had not moved a foot. But look there, Miss Pantan," continued he, pointing to the upper loop-hole windows overlooking the public rooms; "the females of the family, and perhaps the bride herself, are there peeping to see what is going forward below, and thanking their stars that they are not, like European ladies, subjected to the degradation of being seen."

"Miserable and ignorant!" said Miss Pantan, with a shrug something between pity and contempt.

"How intolerable must be such a confinement!" exclaimed Miss Percy.

"Montessorri then made them observe a stair, like the ascent to a hay-loft, steep, narrow, and unfinished, which led to the upper suit of guest chambers, and in which a fine supper had been provided, in the European taste, for such as chose to partake of it. "I shall tell his Highness," he proceeded, "that is a practice he should not give in to; none but low Europeans ever sit down to these suppers; and, as they are furnished with abundance of wine, they get drunk, degrade the European character, and insult the peaceable natives, who look with contempt upon such things. Whatever their own faults may be, want of external decorum is not one of them. The dignity and gravity of their manners forbid all approach to levity; their own entertainments have neither eating nor drinking; witnessing the exhibitions of those collected for their amusement, smoking their hookahs, and smelling the perfumes handed round, are all the refreshment they admit of."—Vol. i., pp. 247—252.

Some of the accounts of the Nepaulese war, in which Colonel Howard and Captain Bently were engaged, are interesting; but we pass them over for the following truly Oriental scene at Gour:

"The Hindoo palace, built time out of memory, they found utterly uninhabitable; the halls were open to the winds of heaven: like those of ancient Babylon, they had been swept by the besom of destruction, and were now the retreat of venomous reptiles and all unclean birds. It was impossible for the bearers to carry the torjous over the disjointed stones; and here the ladies got out, and with Bently strided under a stupendous gateway, which must have contained apartments for the royal guard, and opened into a large square, strewn over with fallen columns, Hindoo sculpture, and half-effaced inscriptions, in the ancient and sacred Sanscrit language. They found themselves in the midst of ruin, extending on every side as far as the eye could carry them. The crumbling remains of a mighty city lay round them, fast returning into the earth from which it sprung. Only here and there, a tall minaret, rearing its airy head, caught in full splendour the sunbeams, which could hardly make their way in struggling lines through the masses below, and the jungle with which they were entwined. The poplar, like a court parasite, clings to high places, and undermines and disjoins the firmest structure; while, with a show of beauty, its glittering leaves cover the long rents its insidious roots have made, forcing themselves through all obstacles, and appearing to bind and hold together what they in fact destroy. The chokeydars thought it prudent to fire their pieces in order to give warning of their approach to those whom they might not wish to meet; and the often-repeated echoes this produced, answering each other from side to side, seemed like voices from the ground, warning those who still trod its surface that they must soon join those who for thousands of years had slept below. Mrs. Bently became alarmed at the fearful chattering which the report of the guns occasioned amongst the sacred monkeys, who, still protected by the same superstition which influenced the old inhabitants, dwelt in groves which seemed to bid defiance to time, and who, roused by this unwonted invasion of their quiet, danced, screamed aloud, and played their antics, in wild mockery of the desolate scene. Man had disappeared, and his works had almost gone; but still they survived, race after race, and nature renewed her self-sown trees for their habitation. One of the chokeydars had omitted to draw the shot with which the musquet was loaded before he fired it off, and in its discharge unfortunately killed a young monkey in the arms of its mother, which produced a scene of sorrow and confusion difficult to describe, and the more painful as it was almost human. The mother, crying piteously, fondly snatched

up her little one, examined it round and round, and vainly tried to stop the blood which flowed from its wound. When she found it made no movement in return to all her caresses, and that it was actually dead, she dipped her finger in the blood, and held it up to the man who had fired, as if to show him what he had done; and then, as if suddenly actuated by a desire of revenge, turned round and showed the bleeding young one to the multitude of others, who with faces of eager curiosity began to assemble in hundreds. The appeal was not without effect; rage in a moment seemed to take possession of the whole fraternity, and with grins and yells they commenced to pull down whatever came to hand, and would certainly have engaged our party in a formidable contest, furnished as they were with abundance of missiles, had they staid to the attack. But Bently, foreseeing the event the instant the accident happened, ordered a speedy retreat; and they found shelter among some of the standing ruins, before their light foes recovered from their consternation, or observed the way by which they made their escape."—Vol. ii. pp. 146—150.

With great reluctance we pass over the entire history of the celebrated robber, O Meer Sing, (Collins called his Oriental, his Irish Eclogues; and, upon the same principle, our author may defend this mode of spelling the name, but we believe Umeer Sing would sound better in Indian ears,) which is a novel in itself, and a very interesting one. We must find room for the following letter, the counterpart of which we believe may be found on the desk of most Indian travellers.

"After tiffin, before any of the party had left table, a letter was presented to Captain Bently, which, by its address, folding, and seal, at once betrayed its native origin, and, on opening it, he read aloud:

"To the worshipful Captain Bently, Esq., the humble petition of your mate-bearer Dukie.

"My Lord,

"May it please your highness, being now near the shelter of his own roof, your inferior workman in dirty prayers, that your honour would permit me to turn from the straight way, and refresh his thirsty soul with his large of families. I have two great enemy, over which your honour got large power, their names Distress and Poverty, and not long acquaintance with the universe, and no any protector but your honour in the below.

"And Cosinanth sircar* begs to inform your honour's feet, that your Patna fine rice, wax candle, and table-cloths, are all ready to sent to boat this present time, but cannot, because prevent him, the violent rain and blow. Acquaint my best compliments to honoured Mem, and pray her resentment to be obtained; the taylor is not satisfied to go to boat to-night, for the hard rainy and cloudy.

Most honoured Sir,
with doubtful gratitude
your poor petitioner will ever pray."

"And what," inquired Mrs. Bently with a smile, "can be the purpose of this clearly-expressed petition?"

"Simply this. We pass near the Chupprah; but, as our boats are heavy, he could get there before us, visit his family, and rejoin us when we come up, and probably in addition to his savings, he wished to have an advance of wages to leave in his house."

"But he knows nothing of English. Where could he have got any person to write an epistle for him?"

"Oh," said Mr. Somerville, "I am certain it is the performance of my sircar, the therein named Cosinanth Bose. I recognise his style, and his 'doubtful gratitude,' though he has occasionally varied it, when in seeking in the dictionary for a proper word to express very great, he hit upon 'furious'; and once, as the fruit of his studies, I had a letter beginning, 'Most spanking Sir, may it please your enormity!' I can assure you, Mrs. Bently, he is not a little vain of his acquaintance with the graces of composition, and offended a friend of mine exceedingly by his wish to show them off. This gentleman who, like Bently, had employed him to execute some little commission, was by no means famous for the beauty of his limbs, and Cosinanth unfortunately, instead of begging 'to inform his honour's feet,' begged 'to look at his honour's legs,' which misplaced civility was almost taken as a premeditated insult."—Vol. ii. pp. 197—200.

If we had space, we would make many more quotations from these volumes, illustrative of Native and European character. We are glad to

* 'Writer.'

perceive throughout the book a kindly feeling towards the Hindoo and Musulman population. These vices are not disguised; but the authoress does every justice to their amiable and redeeming qualities. For these reasons, for the good spirit and the real talent which it every where displays, and last, not least, because it is not a fashionable novel, we commend 'The English in India' to the attention and esteem of our readers.

THE AMULET.

The Amulet, or Christian and Literary Remembrancer. Edited by S. C. Hall. Westley and A. H. Davis. London, 1829.

'A Christian and Literary Remembrancer,' opening with an engraving from the Spanish Flower-girl of Murillo!—Aye, reader, a Christian and Literary Remembrancer, and most glad are we to see it there. There is the relation of a close and tender sisterhood between the spirit of truth and the spirit of beauty. Every higher and purer intelligence feels, every man of genius has perceived it; and those who pursue either, to the neglect of the other, are nearly sure to miss both. We feel, therefore, not slightly indebted to any one who endeavours to connect together our notions upon these subjects; to make us feel that a spiritual perception of the objects of art, and a spiritual perception of the objects of Christianity, will necessarily originate in the same state of mind, and lead to similar results; and, whether he produces this conviction by exposition or by insinuation, by proving the connection, or by giving an instance of it, by articles like the Travels over the Brocken, or by placing Murillo's picture in a Christian Album,—we thank him for his design, and hold him a good man on account of it.

The engraving of this first print is not worthy of the subject or the painter. The next picture, 'Guardian Angels,' by Mr. Etty, of course suffers immensely from losing the colours, in the management of which so much of that artist's merit consists; but the figures are far more graceful, and twisted into less studiously unnatural attitudes, than his figures usually are. The faces, with one exception, are disagreeable. There is a painting by Jackson, engraved by Portbury, which is called 'Castle Howard,' and which is the portrait of a beautiful, high-spirited, aristocratic, haughty-looking, little monkey of a girl, dressed in plain, honest English costume, without any pastoral affectations of dress whatever. 'The Mountain Daisy,' engraved by Armstrong, though from a painting of Lawrence, is not a favourite of ours. 'The Italian Mother,' painted by Eastlake, and engraved by Finden, is a very Italian scene, in fact, considerably too Italian. It is an evil quality of some painters, that their national pictures are all-national; their southern skies are not blue skies, but merely abstract blue; their faces not Italianised humanity, but simply Italian. 'Wandering Minstrels,' of Italy, drawn by Percy Williams, and engraved by Humphry, has the opposite fault. The girl is a very sweet, arch little creature; but the boy is a mere Master Bull. 'The Tired Soldier' is a beautiful engraving by Poole, but has not many other merits. On the other pictures, we have not time to dwell.

As our work has been accused of paying an undue reverence to Mr. Coleridge, we will not utter one remark upon his 'Journey over the Brocken.' However, as among the various errors of which we have, at different times, heard Mr. Coleridge accused—such, for instance, as excessive affectation of simplicity, and of obscurity—tendency to infidelity, and to superstitious orthodoxy—an absurd nationality, and a hatred of every country except Germany—immense fondness for abstract reasoning, and a bitter dislike for any reasoning—utter vagueness of thought and description, and a habit of describing details with a cruelly painful accuracy and minuteness—all which charges

we will believe most potently, if the rational sensible persons who prefer them give us their receipt for believing contradictions,—as, we say, among these numerous, and, no doubt, somehow or other, reconcilable imputations, we never heard it asserted, that Mr. Coleridge was 'too fond of obtruding himself upon the public attention, our readers may, perhaps, be pleased with an extract:

'We descended again, to ascend far higher; and now we came to a most beautiful road, which wound on the breast of the hill, from whence we looked down into a deep valley or huge bason, full of pines and firs; the opposite hills full of pines and firs; and the hill above us, on whose breast we were winding, likewise full of pines and firs. The valley, or bason, on our right hand, into which we looked down, is called the Vale Kruschenbach, that is, the Valley of the Roaring Brook; and, roar it did, indeed, most solemnly! The road on which we walked was weeded with infant fir-trees, an inch or two high; and now, on our left hand, came before us a most tremendous precipice of yellow and black rock, called the Rehburg, that is, the Mountain of the Roe. Now again is nothing but firs and pines, above, below, around us! How awful is the deep union of their undividable murmur; what a one thing it is—it is a sound that impresses the dimension of the Omnipresent! In various parts of the deep vale below us, we beheld little dancing waterfalls, gleaming through the branches, and now, on our left hand, from the very summit of the hill above us, a powerful stream flung itself down, leaping and foaming, and now concealed, and now not concealed, and now half-concealed by the fir-trees, till, towards the road, it became a visible sheet of water, within whose immediate neighbourhood no pine could have permanent abiding place. The snow lay every where on the sides of the roads, and glimmered in company with the waterfall foam, snow patches and waterbreaks glimmering through the branches in the hill above, the deep bason below, and the hill opposite. Over the high opposite hills, so dark in their pine forests, a far higher round barren stony mountain looked in upon the prospect from a distant country. Through this scenery we passed on, till our road was crossed by a second waterfall, or rather, aggregation of little dancing waterfalls, one by the side of the other for a considerable breadth, and all came at once out of the dark wood above, and rolled over the mossy rock fragments, little firs, growing in islets, scattered among them. The same scenery continued till we came to the Oder Seich, a lake, half made by man, and half by nature. It is two miles in length, and but a few hundred yards in breadth, and winds between banks, or rather through walls of pine-trees. It has the appearance of a most calm and majestic river. It crosses the road, goes into a wood, and there at once plunges itself down into a most magnificent cascade, and runs into the vale, to which it gives the name of the "Vale of the Roaring Brook." We climbed down into the vale, and stood at the bottom of the cascade, and climbed up again by its side. The rocks over which it plunged were unusually wild in their shape, giving fantastic resemblances of men and animals, and the fir-boughs by the side were kept almost in a swing, which unquiet motion contrasted well with the stern quietness of the huge forest-sea every where else.

'In nature all things are individual, but a word is but an arbitrary character for a whole class of things; so that the same description may, in almost all cases, be applied to twenty different appearances; and in addition to the difficulty of the thing itself, I neither am, nor ever was, a good hand at description. I see what I write, but, alas! I cannot write what I see. From the Oder Seich we entered a second wood; and now the snow met us in large masses, and we walked for two miles knee-deep in it, with an inexpressible fatigue, till we came to the mount called Little Brocken; here even the firs deserted us, or only now and then a patch of them, wind-shorn, no higher than one's knee, matted and covering to the ground, like our thorn bushes on the highest sea-hills. The soil was plashy and boggy; we descended and came to the foot of the Great Brocken without a river—the highest mountain in all the north of Germany, and the seat of innumerable superstitions. On the first of May all the witches dance here at midnight; and those who go may see their own ghosts walking up and down, with a little billet on the back, giving the names of those who had wished them there; for "I wish you on the top of the Brocken," is a common curse throughout the whole empire. Well, we ascended—the soil boggy—and at

last reached the height, which is 573 toises above the level of the sea. We visited the Blockberg, a sort of bowling-green, inclosed by huge stones, something like those at Stonehenge, and this is the witches' ball-room; thence proceeded to the house on the hill, where we dined; and now we descended. In the evening, about seven, we arrived at Elblinrode. At the inn they brought us an album, or Stamm Buck, requesting that we would write our names, and something or other, as a remembrance that we had been there. I wrote the following lines, which contain a true account of my journey from the Brocken to Elblinrode:

I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and saw Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills; A surging scene, and only limited By the blue distance. Wearily my way Downward I dragged, through fir groves evermore. Where bright green moss moved in sepulchral forms, Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard, The sweet bird's song become a hollow sound; And the gale murmuring indistinctly, Reserved its solemn murmur, more distinct From many a note of many a waterbreak, And the brook's clatter; on whose islet stones The dingy kidling, with its tinkling bell, Leapt frolicsome, or old romantic goat. Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on With low and languid thought; for I had found That grandest scenes have but imperfect charms Where the eye vainly wanders, nor beholds One spot with which the heart associates Holy remembrances of child or friend, Or gentle maid, our first and early love, Or father, or the venerable name Of our adored country. O thou Queen, Thon delegated Deity of Earth, O "dear, dear" England! how my longing eyes Turned westward, shaping in the steady clouds Thy sands and high white cliffs! Sweet native isle, This heart was proud, yea, mine eyes swam with tears To think of thee; and all the goodly view From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills Floated away, like a departing dream, Feeble and dim. Stranger, these impulses Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane, With hasty judgment or injurious doubt, That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel That God is every where, the God who framed Mankind to be one mighty brotherhood, Himself our Father, and the world our home.'

This extract has extended to a greater length than we intended; and, consequently, we must omit some beautiful verses of Mr. Fringle, (well does that gentleman deserve that his own 'Friendship's Offering' should be received gratefully, for there are very few of the rival Annuals which his kindness has not enriched with some pleasing and heart-improving contribution,) and only just mention that there is a valuable paper by the Rev. Dr. Walsh, 'On the Doctrines of the Schismatic Armenian Church;' a translation of 'A Sonnet of Filicaja,' by Archdeacon Wrangham; a good story by William Kennedy; many good poems by W. Kennedy, W. Motherwell, and the Rev. T. Dale; by the Editor, S. C. Hall, by his Lady, and by various other persons of fame and consideration.

There is one production in the work, from which we expected great pleasure and instruction, and which we have read with disappointment and pain, not unminged with anger at the Editor of 'The Amulet,' for the opportunity which he must have used to induce a man of high genius and great regard for his reputation, to publish an essay, which is no manifestation of the one, and can only detract from the other. We allude to an article on Poetry and Philosophy, by the Rev. Robert Hall. As a juvenile composition, written, probably, while the author was subject to the blighting influences of a Scotch climate and University, and which has slept in Mr. Hall's desk, or, more likely still, in the desk of some foolish friend, ever since, we would gladly have passed over this essay without notice. But it is an article likely, we think, to do much harm, because Mr. Hall's followers, the majority of whom have much more reverence for his name than his works, will not have that 'Amulet' which preserves all thinking persons from admiring the

weak productions of a great man's pen,—viz. a high reverence for the genuine productions of his mind. A mere string of common-places, with the honoured name attached to it, is to them as good as his most original thinking; and if, unfortunately, these common-places are likewise noxious, (and it is a miserable mistake to suppose that common-places may not be noxious,) will at once imbibe all the falsehood which they contain. Now, Mr. Hall's essay seems to us nothing less than a collection of these noxious common-places. The principle upon which it proceeds is that which has led astray all the philosophers of Scotland, and (till lately) of France, the principle that the highest aim of philosophy is to analyse and dissect. This principle, which lies at the root as well of the metaphysics of Condillac as of the physiology of Lawrence; this principle, which is, in fact, a summary of the whole sensation system; this principle, different modifications and phases of which must be attacked by Mr. Hall, every time he preaches the truths of Christianity, (which can in no sense be termed the highest philosophy, unless the highest philosophy be that which converses with LIFE and SPIRIT, and, therefore, which does not dissect and analyse,)—this principle is broadly announced in this essay, and comes before the world backed with all the legitimate and illegitimate weight it can derive from the name and the astonishing powers of its author. Under such circumstances, we felt it our duty, and it is one which we have performed with deep and sincere reluctance, to raise our very feeble voices against it; and if Milton had uttered the sentiment, we would have protested against it in like manner. At present, it is very possible that the persons who would take such an opinion upon trust, are not competent to see its meaning, or, therefore, to feel its mischievousness. But the influence of Mr. Hall, and such as he, is every day diminishing the ground of confidence. They are endeavouring to instruct their flocks, and teach them to perceive a meaning and a force in all the words they hear and speak. So much the more careful ought they to be of what they utter. While their breath, like that of the sailors in the Munchausen legend, froze as soon as it quitted their lips, they might safely make use of it as the vehicle for sounds of any import; but the thaw for which they are praying will come—is coming, and then their forgotten words will tell with an energy, and, if they be evil words, with an energy of evil, upon the ears and the hearts that take them in, which both utterers and hearers may have reason to lament till their latest day.

RIENZI.

Rienzi: A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Miss Mitford. Cumberland. London, 1828.

By a mode which seems the established one at the present day, when a tragedy is unfortunate enough to come within the critic's grasp, he commences with some pathetic lamentations on the degeneracy of modern tragedy: he then passes on, and accounts in a most philosophical manner for the necessity, arising from the progress of society, that it should be so; and lastly, if he has not taken up the space allotted to him, concludes with a dramatic sentence on the luckless dramatist before him. For our own part, we shall not lament the degeneracy of tragedy, because we are confident, that in the last five-and-twenty years more good and tolerable tragedies have been written than in the hundred and fifty preceding. We are thus released from the necessity of accounting for the falling of the dramatic power; and, having already expressed our opinion so decidedly on the merits of the Tragedy which lies before us, we have found no occasion to recal it. We think the accomplished author deserves peculiar praise for having escaped the contagion of certain errors, from which few contemporary dramatists are free. The first of these may be styled the Byronic

heresy, which, however, affects no more than the metre; with this, however, it makes strange havoc. Its mystery lies in concluding the line with preposition and conjunction, with 'and,' 'by,' 'the,' and such like important words. Among our living writers who excel in a metre which deserves neither the title of prose nor poetry, we are sorry to say that Mr. Knowles stands pre-eminent. We would earnestly entreat him to lay aside a manner of versification, into which he has doubtless been betrayed by its facility, and which has injured not a little the productions of his fine genius. Other of our dramatists seem to have thought all poetry equally adapted to their ends, and have inundated their pages with description, and imagery drawn from still life, from flowers, and lakes, and skies. The even current of their verse flows on like some streamlet, as sweet, as harmonious, but also as monotonous and as sleep-inducing. But there is another error which has beset the entire band of our modern dramatists, an error which has contributed much to make Miss Baillie's plays, though in another sense from that which she intended, *plays* upon the passions, and nothing more. Our play-writers cannot, or will not, let the characters develop themselves, but are perpetually making them describe themselves and one another. In this censure, we must include Miss Mitford. We open her *Tragedy*, and in the second page find a description of Rienzi given by a citizen; a little further on, Rienzi's daughter describes his moods of mind at great length; and again, at the beginning of the second act, Lady Colonna does the same, in a passage admirable in itself, and which we have great pleasure in quoting:

Lucy C. I ever thought him so:
A sad wise man, of daring eye, and free,
Yet mystic speech. When ye have laughed, I still
Have shuddered; for his dawning words oft fell
Like oracles, answering with dim response
To my unspoken thoughts, so that my spirit,
Albeit unused to womanish fear, hath quailed
To hear his voice's deep vibration.—Watch him!
Be sure, he is ambitious.—Watch him, lords:—
He hath o'erleapt the barrier, poverty;
Hath conquered his mean parentage; hath clomb
To decent station, to high l.tered fame;—
The pontiff's notary, the honoured friend
Of Petrarch. Watch him well.

This play, as a whole, is decidedly superior to either of Miss Mitford's which preceded it. It is as poetical as 'Julian,' and more so than 'The Foscari.' Its incidents are better put together than those of the first; nor does it present us, as 'The Foscari,' mere abstract notions, instead of living characters. From neither of those plays could we have inferred that their author could so powerfully conceive, and set before us in its greatness and its littleness, a mind like Rienzi's. Coming as we do in the rear of so many of our contemporaries, we can with difficulty select a passage which has not been quoted over and over again; and we trust that Miss Mitford will not think from the briefness of this notice, that we are blind to the high merits of her *Tragedy*, or that, seeing, we have uncourteously neglected them.

The following scene was, we think, the most effective in the representation. We ought, perhaps, to except the dialogue between Rienzi and Angelo Colonna in the fourth act, the most elaborated passage in the poem, but which contains several considerable sins of diction:

Enter RIENZI, attended.

Rie. Why, this
Is well, my lords, this full assemblage. Now
The chief of Rome stands fitly girt with names
Strong as their towers around him. Fall not off,
And we shall be impregnable. [*Advancing up the room.*
Lord Nuncio,
I should have asked thy blessing. I have sent
Our missions to the pontiff. Count Savelli,
My lord ambassador, I crave your pardon.
What news from Venice, the sea-queen? Savelli,
I have a little maiden who must know
Thy fairest daughter. Angelo Colonna,

A double welcome! Rome lacked half her state
Wanting her princely Columns.

Col. Sir, I come

A sutor to thee.—Martin Ursini—

Rie. When last his name was on thy lips—Well,
sir,

Thy suit, thy suit! If pardon, take at once

My answer—No.

Ang. Yet, mercy—

Rie. Angelo,

Waste not thy pleadings on a desperate cause

And a resolved spirit. She awaits thee.

Haste to that fairer court.

[*Exit Angelo.*]

My Lord Colonna,

This is a needful justice.

Col. Noble Tribune,

It is a crime which custom—

Rie. Ay, the law,

Of the strong against the weak—your law, the law

Of the sword and spear. But, gentles, you live now

Under the good estate.

Sav. He is noble.

Rie. There's—

A thousand times he dies. Ye are noble, sirs,

And need a warning.

Col. Sick, almost to death.

Rie. Ye have less cause to grieve.

Fra. New-wedded.

Rie. Ay,

Madonna Laura is a blooming dam e,

And will become her weeds.

Cap. Remember, Tribune,

He hath two uncles, cardinals. Wouldst outrage

The sacred college?

Rie. The lord cardinals,

Meek, pious, lowly men, and loving virtue,

Will render thanks to him who wipes a blot

So flagrant from their name.

Col. An Ursini!

Head of the Ursini!

Urs. Mine only brother!

Rie. And darest talk thou to me of brothers?—

Thou,

Whose groom—wouldst have me break my own just

laws,

To save thy brother? thine! Hast thou forgotten

When that most beautiful and blameless boy,

The prettiest piece of innocence that ever

Breathed in this sinful world, lay at thy feet,

Slain by thy pampered minion, and I knelt

Before thee for redress, whilst thou—Didst never

Hear talk of retribution? This is justice,

Pure justice, not revenge!—Mark well, my lords,—

Pure equal justice. Martin Ursini

Had open trial, is guilty, is condemned,

And he shall die.

Col. Yet listen to us—

Rie. Lords,

If ye could range before me all the peers,

Prelates, and potentates of Christendom,—

The holy pontiff kneeling at my knee,

And emperors crouching at my feet, to sue

For this great robber, still I should be blind

As justice. But this very day a wife,

One infant hanging at her breast, and two,

Scarce bigger, first-born twins of misery,

Clinging to the poor rags that scarcely hid

Her squalid form, grasped at my bride-rein

To beg her husband's life; condemned to die

For some vile petty theft, some paltry scudi:

And, whilst the fiery war-horse chafed and reared,

Shaking his crest, and plunging to get free,

There, 'midst the dangerous coil, unmoved, she stood,

Pleading, in piercing words, the very cry

Of nature! And, when I at last said No—

For I said No to her—she flung herself

And those poor innocent babes between the stones

And my hot Arab's hoofs. We saved them all,—

Thank heaven, we saved them all!—but I said No

To that sad woman, 'midst her shrieks. Ye dare not

Ask me for mercy now.

Sav. Yet he is noble!

Let him not die a felon's death!

Rie. Again,

Ye weary me. No more of this. Colonna,

Thy son loves my fair daughter. 'Tis an union,

However my young Claudia might have graced

A monarch's side, that augurs hopefully—

Bliss to the wedded pair, and peace to Rome,

And it shall be accomplished. Good, my lords,

I bid ye to the bridal; one and all,

I bid ye to the bridal feast. And now

A fair good morrow.

Miss Mitford has pronounced Mr. Young's performance a perfect realisation of the idea of Rienzi's character. If she had not made this assertion, we should have ventured to say, that, on our seeing the play a second time, we thought we detected a slight misconception which had escaped us on the former night. We thought the murder of his brother was brought a little too prominently forward for the dramatic consistency of the character. A similar fault, but, in our judgment, a very far greater, must have struck nearly every person who has seen Mr. Young's *Iago*. The suspicion of Emilia's infidelity, which Shakespeare certainly intended to be quite a secondary motive of his vengeance against the Moor, or, at any rate, which ought not to have more weight than the promotion of 'the great arithmetician,' is made by Mr. Young the very hinge of *Iago's* character; so much so, that one would fancy it had been perverted from rectitude by that trifling and merely aggravating temptation to its natural malevolence.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

The Anniversary; or, Poetry and Prose for 1829.
Edited by Allan Cunningham. 8vo., pp. 320.
Sharp. London, 1828.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM'S 'Anniversary' exceeds, in size, all the other Annuals; we will not say that it exceeds them in merit, for we have a lingering partiality for our old friends the 'Friendship's Offering,' 'Literary Souvenir,' and 'Forget Me Not,' of which none of their youthful competitors can cure us; but we will confess that there are poems in it of greater scope, and, perhaps, beauty, than are to be met with elsewhere. We find we cannot pay compliments to all the illustrations of all these innumerable works without absolutely excluding all other matter from our pages. We will, therefore, give a general sentence of high praise upon those of 'The Anniversary.' Indeed, an author like Allan Cunningham, who pays a divided allegiance to the sister arts, and who yet (*credite Brunsvickeri*) is a good liege subject of both, was not likely to do despite to the gentler fair, whom some poetical editors might be tempted to slight. We cannot, however, omit all mention of 'The Little Gleaner'; if our readers look at it, they will not need our remarks. We have said the poems in this are longer than in the other Annuals. In fact, the difference is so considerable, that we shall not take that reader's excuse who would tell us, that he cannot buy this book because he has already purchased all the rest. He might just as well say, that he would not buy another poem of L. E. L.'s or Barry Cornwall's, or any other of the authors who still write poems,—because he had purchased a host of Annuals,—nay, he might, if he had lived in another age, have considered 'Dodsley's Miscellany' an excuse for not buying any new thing of Pope's. For here are poems,—*bona fide* long poems, every wit is good as if they came out in duodecimo with 'John Murray, Albemarle-street,' on the title-page,—poems, too, not by W. F. and R. M., but by men of substance, such as Robert Southey, Professor Wilson, Mr. Lockhart, James Hogg, and, in his happy moments a dangerous rival to most of them, Allan Cunningham. Besides this, there is a tale of the times of the Martyrs, by whom do our readers think?—even the Rev. Edward Irving, of blessed memory, for we have heard so little of him lately, that we presume he has been canonised. The Laureate is the first person of note we are introduced to. He has written a long letter to Allan Cunningham about the different portraits which have been from time to time made of him. This letter will be called by most of the critics egotistical and disagreeable. It is egotistical, but we deny that it is disagreeable. Our readers shall hear:

'Whom have we first? a dainty gentleman,
His sleepy eyes half closed, and countenance
To no expression stronger than might suit
A simper, capable of being moved;
Sauney and sentimental, with an air

So lack-thought and so lack-a-daisycal,
That one might guess the book which in his hand
He holds were "Zimmerman on Solitude."

'Then comes a jovial Landlord, who hath made it
Part of his trade to be the shoeing horn
For his commercial customers. God Bacchus
Hath not a thirstier votary. Many a pipe
Of Porto's vintage hath contributed
To give his cheeks that deep carmine engrained;
And many a runlet of right Nantes, I ween,
Hath suffered percolation through that trunk,
Leaving behind it in the boozy eyes
A swollen and red suffusion, glazed and dim.

'Our next is in the evangelical line,—
A leaden-visaged specimen,—demure,
Because he hath put on his Sunday's face;
Dull by formation, by complexion sad,
By bile, opinions, and dyspepsy sour.
One of the sons of Jack,—I know not which,
For Jack hath a most numerous progeny,
Made up for Mr. Colburn's Magazine
This pleasant composite. A bust supplied
The features; look, expression, character,
Are of the artist's fancy and free grace.
Such was that fellow's birth and parentage!
The rascal proved prolific! one of his breed
By Docteur Pichot introduced in France,
Passes for Monsieur Sooté: and another,—
An uglier miscreant too,—the brothers Schumann,
And their most cruel copper-scratcher, Zschoch,
From Zwickau sent abroad through Germany.
I wish the Schumens and the copper-scratcher
No worse misfortune for their recompense
Than to fall in with such a cut-throat face
In the Black Forest, or the Odenwald.

'The Bust, which was the innocent grandfather,
I blame not, Allan. 'Twas the work of Smith—
A modest, mild, ingenious man; and errs
Where erring, only because over true,
Too close a likeness for similitude;
Fixing to every part and lineament
Its separate character, and missing thus
That which results from all.

'Sir Smug comes next;
Allan, I own Sir Smug! I recognise
That visage with its dull sobriety:
I see it duly as the day returns,
When at the looking-glass with lathered chin
And razor-weaponed hand I sit, the face
Composed, and apprehensively intent
Upon the necessary operation
About to be performed, with touch, alas,
Not always confident of hair-breadth skill.
Even in such sober sadness and constrained
Composure cold, the faithful painter's eye
Had fixed me like a spell, and I could feel
My features stiffen as he glanced upon them.
And yet he was a man whom I loved dearly,
My fellow-traveller, my familiar friend,
My household guest. But when he looked upon me,
Anxious to exercise his excellent art,
The countenance he knew so thoroughly
Was gone, and in its stead, there sat—'Sir Smug.'
Pp. 17—19.

Now, is that disagreeable? No one with a con-
science can say that it is. We may be sorry that
Mr. Southey, as we have ventured to say before,
should give a handle to those who persecute him;
but, nevertheless, he is scarcely ever (except in the
Quarterly Review, perhaps, never) unpleasing;
and that, as true knights, we will maintain: wit-
ness this our gage.

Next we will make an extract from Professor
Wilson,—Edderline's Dream,—and an apology, at
the same time, for spoiling that beautiful poem by
dividing it from the context.

'From her pillow, as if driven
By an unseen demon's hand
Disturbing the repose of heaven,
Hath fallen her head! The long black hair,
From the fillet's silken band
In dishevelled masses riven,
Is streaming downwards to the floor.
Is the last convulsion o'er?
And will that length of glorious tresses,
So laden with the soul's distresses,
By those fair hands in morning light,
Above those eyelids opening bright,
Be braided nevermore?
No, the lady is not dead,
Though flung thus wildly o'er her bed;

Like a wrecked corse upon the shore,
That lies until the morning brings
Searchings, and shrieks, and sorrowings;
Or haply, to all eyes unknown,
Is borne away without a groan,
On a chance plank, 'mid joyful cries
Of birds that pierce the sunny skies
With seaward dash, or in calm bands
Parading o'er the silvery sands,
Or 'mid the lovely flush of shells,
Pausing to burnish crest or wing,
No fading footmark see that tells
Of that poor unremembered thing!

O dreadful is the world of dreams,
When all that world a chaos seems
Of thoughts so fixed before!
When heaven's own face is tinged with blood!
And friends cross o'er our solitude,
Now friends of ours no more!
Or, dearer to our hearts than ever,
Keep stretching forth with vain endeavour,
Their pale and palsied hands,
To clasp us phantoms, as we go
Along the void life drifting snow,
To far-off nameless lands!
Yet all the while we know not why,
Nor where those dismal regions lie,
Half hoping that a curse so deep
And wild can only be in sleep,
And that some overpowerings dream
Will break the fetters of the dream,
And let us back to waking life,
Filled though it be with care and strife;
Since there at least the wretch can know
The meanings on the face of woe,
Assured that no mock shower is shed
Of tears upon the real dead,
Or that his bliss, indeed, is bliss,
When bending o'er the death-like cheek
Of one who scarcely seems alive,
At every cold but breathing kiss,
He hears a saving angel speak—
"Thy Love will yet revive!"

And now we will quote;—the printer's devil
says, 'Nothing more.'

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR.

*The Literary Souvenir. Edited by Alaric A. Watts.
Longman and Co. London, 1829.*

FORTUNATELY, we have already reviewed the
beautiful engravings of 'The Literary Souvenir';
and, fortunately too the name of the editor and the
previous reputation of his book, make it needless
that we should say much more, than that the pre-
sent volume is deserving of both. We ought also
to add, that the sum laid out upon his engravings,
according to an account in the preface, is so enor-
mous, that a sale of less than eight or nine thou-
sand would not repay the publisher. The state-
ment of this fact, we hope, will suffice.

The principal writers in 'The Literary Sou-
venir' are necessarily nearly the same as those in
the works we have previously reviewed, with the
important addition of the Rev. Thomas Dale, the
author of 'Pelham,' and the Editor. There is a
tale by the second of these persons, entitled
'MSS. found in a Madhouse,' which will un-
doubtedly be very popular—popular, we conceive,
beyond its deserts. It is very horrible, and in some
parts very powerful; but its horrors appear as if
they were manufactured to order, from samples
taken out of 'Monk Lewis.' The author has
availed himself of the common receipt, of setting
his hero to laugh whenever anything very dear
and beautiful perishes to a most monstrous, and,
we must add, to a most childish, excess. It is
mightily easy to make a man say, ha, ha, ha; and
it is mightily false that madmen or other men do
always laugh when they think or write of anything
dreadful. The notion is vulgar—thoroughly vul-
gar, and one which 'a gentleman,' if he was forced
to avoid vulgarities on paper as much as vulgari-
ties in a drawing-room, would not entertain. But
a truce with these captious criticisms.

The following poem is from the Editor's own
pen, and well deserves quoting:

'Welcome! thrice welcome to my heart, sweet har-
binger of bliss!
How have I looked, till hope grew sick, for moment
bright as this;
Thou hast flashed from my aching sight when fortune's
clouds are dark,
The sunny spirit of my dreams—the dove unto mine
ark!

'Oh no, not even when life was new, and love and hope
were young,
And o'er the first-ling of my flock with raptured gaze I
hung,
Did I feel the glow that thrills me now, the yearnings
fond and deep,
That stir my bosom's inmost strings as I watch thy
placid sleep!

'Though loved and cherished be the flower that springs
neath summer skies,
The bud that blossoms 'mid wintry storms more ten-
derly we prize;
One does but make our bliss more bright, the other
meets our eye
Like a radiant star, when all besides have vanished from
on high.

'Sweet blossom of my stormy hour—star of my troubled
heaven!
To thee that passing sweet perfume, that soothing light
is given;
And precious art thou to my soul, but dearer far that
thou,—
A messenger of peace and love,—art sent to cheer me
now.

'What though my heart be crowded close with inmates
dear though few,
Creep in, my little smiling babe, there's still a niche for
you!
And should another claimant rise, and clamour for a
place,
Who knows but room may yet be found, if it wears as
fair a face!

'I listen to thy feeble cry, till it awakens in my breast
The sleeping energies of love—sweet hopes, too long
repress!
For weak as that low wail may seem to other ears than
mine,
It stirs my heart like a trumpet's voice, to strive for
thee and thine!

'It peals upon my dreaming soul, sweet tidings of the
birth
Of a new and blessed link of love, to fetter me to
earth;
And, strengthening many a bright resolve, it bids me
do and dare
All that a father's heart may brave, to make thy sojourn
fair!

'I cannot shield thee from the blight a bitter world may
fling
O'er all the promise of thy youth—the visions of thy
spring;
For I would not warp thy gentle heart—each kindlier
impulse ban,
By teaching thee—what I have learned—how base a
thing is man!

'I cannot save thee from the griefs to which our flesh
is heir;
But I can arm thee with a spell, life's keenest ills to
bear.
I may not fortune's frowns avert, but I can bid thee
pray
For wealth this world can never give, nor ever take
away!

'From altered friendship's chilling glance—from hate's
envenomed dart;
Misplaced affection's withering pang—or "true love's"
wonted smart,
I cannot shield my sinless child; but I can bid him seek
Such faith and love from heaven above, as will leave
earth's malice weak.

'But wherefore doubt that He who makes the smallest
bird his care,
And tempers to the new-shorn lamb the blast it ill could
bear,
Will still His guiding arm extend, his glorious plan
pursue,
And, if He gives thee ills to bear, will grant thee courage
too!

'Dear youngling of my little fold, the loveliest and the
last!
'Tis sweet to deem what thou may'st be, when long,
long years have past;

To think, when time hath blanch'd my hair, and others
leave my side,
Thou may'st be still my prop and stay, my blessing,
and my pride.

And when the world has done its worst—when life's
fever fit is o'er,
And the griefs that wring my weary heart can never
touch it more;
How sweet to think thou may'st be near, to catch my
latest sigh.
To bend beside my dying bed, and close my glazing
eye.

'Oh! 'tis for offices like these the last sweet child is
given,
The mother's joy—the father's pride, the fairest boon
of Heaven;
Their fireside plaything first, and then, of their failing
strength the rock;
The rainbow to their waning years,—the youngling of
their Flock!

And so do these :

'I Think of Thee.—By T. K. Hervey, Esq.

'I think of thee, in the night
When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out, with her pale, sad light,
To sit on the lonely hill :—
When the stars are all like dreams,
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from far-off streams,
Like thy spirit's low replies !

'I think of thee by day,
Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud ;
I hear thy low, sad tone,
And thy sweet, young smile I see,
—My heart—my heart were all alone,
But for its thoughts of thee !

Of thee, who wert so dear,
And, yet, I do not weep ;
For thine eyes were stain'd by many a tear
Before they went to sleep ;
And, if I haunt the past,
Yet may I not repine,
Since thou hast won thy rest at last,
And all the grief is mine.

'I think upon thy gain,
Whate'er to me it cost,
And fancy dwells, with less of pain,
On all that I have lost :—
Hope—like the cuckoo's endless tale,
—Alas ! it wears its wing !—
And love, that—like the nightingale—
Sings only in the spring !

'Thou art my spirit's all,
Just as thou wert in youth ;
Still from thy grave no shadows fall
Upon my lonely truth :—
A taper yet above thy tomb,
Since lost its sweeter rays,
And what is memory through the gloom,
Was hope in brighter days !

'I am pining for the home
Where sorrow sinks to sleep,
Where the weary and the weepers come,
And they cease to toil and weep !
Why walk about with smiles,
That each should be a tear,
Like the white plumes that fling their wiles
Above an early bier !

'Or like those fairy things,—
Those insects of the east,
Which have their beauty in their wings,
And shroud it while they rest ;
Which fold their colours of the sky
When earthward they alight,
And flash their splendours on the eye,
Just as they take their flight :—

'I never knew how dear thou wert,
Till thou wert borne away !
I have it, yet, about my heart,
Thy beauty of that day ;
As if the robe thou wert to wear,
In other climes, were given,
That I might learn to know it there,
And seek thee out, in heaven !'

PORTRAIT OF MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY !

Hobday pinxit !! Thomson sculpsit !!

Mauder.

If this portrait has already found its way into every female boarding-school in the United Empire, and if, consequently, our poor work is late in describing its beauties, we are not to blame ; for Weekly Journals, like facts, are stubborn things, and will not enlarge their dimensions even to admit a notice of Mr. Robert Montgomery. The merits of the painter and the engraver are so absorbed in the interest of the subject, that we shall be excused from wasting our time in compliments to them. It is far more important that we should inform our readers, that the author of 'The Omnipresence of the Deity' wears his hair parted in the middle, and gently curled at the extremities ; that his eyes roll in a fine frenzy, northwards, to meet those curls ; that he has a respectable whisker, which terminates within about an inch and a quarter of the base of his chin ; that the collar of his shirt falls negligently over the collar of his coat, disclosing his neck, and slightly ; that is, about as much as the shirt-collar of one man of genius will reveal of another, reminding us of the portraits of Raphael and Lord Byron ; that he wears a frock-coat close at the top, but which, opening at the third button, discovers part of (we believe) a kerseymer waistcoat, and which, again closing at the last button, leaves us in painful doubt as to the remaining part of the figure of Mr. Montgomery. We had very nearly forgotten to mention the hand and arm, which, though very striking, being nevertheless attached to his left shoulder, and therefore, not concerned with 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' and 'The Universal Prayer,' do not excite that interest which must belong, in so eminent a degree, to those corresponding parts of this great author's person to which he is indebted for his immortality.

Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage. Moon, Boys, and Graves London, 1828.

If the engraving of this Print is not fully worthy of the painting, our readers will not be surprised, or hink slightly of it, when we tell them the name of the painter. It is a highly respectable print, and will bear to be looked at for hours, by those who love humour, and pathos, and truth, and nature, and WILKIE.

Portrait of the Rev. Rowland Hill. Smith and Sons, New Bond-street.

We have had such hard labour to notice the engravings in the thousand and one Annuals that have fallen under our notice, that we are afraid we have done some injustice to other prints that have been forwarded to us. The present is a good drawing, and, though we hate mezzotint, well engraved. We understand, also, that it is a good likeness of the part venerable, part roguish, part aristocratical, and part demagogic, looking person for whom it is intended.

Thalia, a Collection of Songs for the Guitar. By M. Eulenstein.

We are not quite sure that this very meritorious publication has not been already noticed in 'The Athenæum.' But, if it has, we shall be doing our readers a favour by again reminding them of so interesting a collection of airs, and if not, we shall be expiating the offence of a long delay, by stating that accident and not either the want of merit in M. Eulenstein, or of esteem for it, in us, has been the cause of our silence.

THE BIBLE.

BEHOLD the Book ! How deep with thought
Its page of ancient lore is fraught ;—
A Voice of marvel and of awe ;
A boulder's Hope, a loving Law ;
From those large mysteries that tell
How, form'd in Strength, to Sin we fell,—
Through all the young world's shadow'd story
Of good and ill, of grief and glory,
When tears and crime bedim'd the sod
Of that green earth come fresh from God ;
The floods that wash'd away the stain ;
The bow when heaven shone forth again ;
The tower of pride that moon-ward springs ;
And tents and herds of Patriarch Kings,
Whence all the myriads that make life
The rescued globe with joy and life.

With these the deeds of fear that swell
The wondrous tale of Israel ;
And that frail rod that broke to dust

The haughtiness of Pharaoh's trust ;
The secret truth so hoarded long
In law, and miracle, and song,
Like jewels in some casket old,
Bright but for those the keys that hold ;
The present God in flames confest
On desert sands, and Sinai's crest ;
The shadow of that mighty hand
That pour'd its gifts on Jordan's strand,
That fill'd with plenty Canaan's bowers,
Crown'd Judah's palm with fruits and flowers,
And shed on Israel bounteous showers !

Then spreads the scroll of wars and woes,
Of Salem's Kings, and Judah's foes ;
Of battle-fields by Angels trod,
And that destroying sword of God ;
A trumpet note in every line,
Each deed a miracle and sign ;
And Prophets' lays whose every verse
Is promised good or menaced curse ;
The glorious pageants where unite
The endless and the infinite ;
The straining eyes, whose ghostly glare
Pierced through the shade-encumber'd air,
While 'neath the pinions of the seers
Whom man desisted, whom Heaven reveres,
Clothed with chemic colours lay
The embryo world's primeval day,
And seem'd in starry light to rise
The future's boundless paradise.
They saw where He himself reveals,
And burns amid creation's wheels,
Who by his own informing thought,
From out the blind and stiles nought,
Strength, motion, life, and conscience wrought,—
Limit and essence of all being,
And only ray of inward being !

Still on, and on ; till through the gloom
Which gleams of angel wings illumine,
Mankind with trembling wonder see
The peasant God of Galilee ;
The patience amid fierce despite,
The unflinching love, the humble might ;
Heaven's Lord in fleshly dust arrayed ;
Man's saviour by the saved be rayed ;
In houseless want, and garments rude,
The perfect light of truth and good ;
The cross of death that frights the ken,
Bedew'd with tears of love to men ;
And that mild brow where nought could mar
The holy beam, the hopeful star,
Bespoken with blood, with anguish torn,
Stained by the blows of hate and scorn,
And quivering in a wreath of thorn ;
And glory native to the sky,
Brought down to mortals from on high,
And manifest in agony.

And here by those, who for their kind
So well fulfill'd the task assign'd,
Is shown to bless the earnest view,
Bright as if every line were new,
The bleeding shepherd of a fold
Destined the universe to hold,
When those low walls, uprear'd of old,
Shall change, while every orb of clay,
In dim destruction melts away,
To diamond towers and courts of gold.

Such is the tale—so deeply filled
With thoughts in sainted hearts that thrilled,—
So lit with those pure flames that rise
On myriad altars round the skies,

Burning in suns that never wane,
The censers of a boundless fane.
But hope not that these beams will roll
Their splendour on thy darkened soul,
Or lend one spark, unless there be
The fuel and the lamp in thee.

BRANDANE.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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REMAINS OF BABYLON—CRITICISM OF
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

At the close of a very able and interesting article on the Remains of Babylon, contained in the last number of 'The Edinburgh Review,' the writer takes upon himself to *correct* what he considers 'a remarkable error,' into which he says I had fallen, in conceiving the mound called Al Hheimar, in the eastern quarter of Babylon, to be a part of the celebrated wall of that city. If to *contradict* be considered to *correct* another, then has the Reviewer undoubtedly succeeded; but as in 'The Travels in Mesopotamia,' in which the alleged error is made, there are more than thirty pages devoted to a description of this mound;—to an examination and comparison of the authorities for the extent of Babylon, and the nature of its wall;—and to arguments tending to show that these furnished ample grounds for the conclusion to which I had come, as to the identity of this mound with the wall in question;—it might have been expected that a Critic intending to *correct* or *overturn* all these, would have given some *reasons* for his difference of opinion. It is, to be sure, a much easier task to affirm or assert, than to compare authorities or collect proofs; and in the present instance the Reviewer embraces the former course, as best suited to his purpose.

He says:—*First*, that I saw this ruin but 'for a few minutes,' as if that were not quite sufficient to satisfy any man of observation as to whether what he saw was a solid wall or an open building, a bare mound or a perfect edifice, a triangle or a square: and these are the only points in dispute. *Secondly*, that 'the more deliberate observations of Sir R. K. Porter have completely dispelled the vision of Mr. Buckingham,' though, on a reference to the Work of the former, it will be found that his observations were neither more extended, in point of time, nor marked by any other advantage of circumstance, over those with which they are contrasted: and that they were, moreover, published several years *before* the appearance of this 'vision,' which they are here said to have dispelled! *Thirdly*, the Reviewer adds, 'In point of fact, Al Hheimar is a square, or, rather, an oblong pile (not triangular, as Mr. Buckingham says). It is, in short, a perfect and insulated building, and was probably a tomb or a temple.'

These are the *reasons*, if such they can be called, on which the Critic pretends to correct what he alleges to be an *error*, as to the shape, size, and nature of a particular mass of ruins. Really if the careful investigations, and ocular testimonies, as to form, magnitude, and description of places, made by a traveller, who publishes a work under all the responsibility of his own name, are thus to be set aside by the mere *ipse dixit* (for nothing more is offered) of an anonymous writer, it will be quite easy for a Reviewer to *contradict* any thing;—and the evidence and authority of those who travel to see for themselves, will become perfectly valueless when compared with the dictum of those who sit at home to determine whether a mound on the plains of Babylon be as the person who walked over it describes it from ocular inspection, or as a Critic would have it, from fancy or imagination.

It is remarkable how easily the most learned writers can fall into practices for which they are ready to reprove others. In the course of this very article, the Edinburgh Reviewer severely censures Major Rennell, who had never visited Babylon, for opposing his mere conjecture to the positive testimony of an eye-witness, Mr. Rich, in the following terms:

'Major Rennell, having once got his head full of a Babylon of his own building, will not hear of any other; and every ruin described by Mr. Rich, from observation and measurement *taken on the spot*, is, accordingly, treated by Major Rennell as either not existing at all, or as being of modern date, or as not

being a building but a mountain, unless the said ruins come within the pale of his own city.'—p. 186.

And again—

'Major Rennell never visited the ruins of Babylon himself, and, therefore, can have no right to oppose his own conjectures to the details of an accurate eye-witness.'—p. 186.

Yet this is exactly what the Reviewer himself has done; for it may be very safely affirmed, that if he had any thing *better* than mere conjecture, or simple contradictory assertion, to offer, in support of his views, he would not have kept it in reserve.

The grounds on which I have assumed the mound of Al Hheimar to be a portion of the wall of Babylon, are these: *First*, That it appeared, from a view taken on its summit, to be the eastern extremity of the remains of that city: having *within* it, on its western side, continuous heaps of ruins, from the banks of the Euphrates up to its very base: and *without* it, on its eastern side, a level plain, unmarked by any vestiges of such ruins beyond these limits. (p. 448, 4to.) *Secondly*, That the dimensions of the mound of Al Hheimar correspond very accurately in height, breadth at the base, and average thickness, with the dimensions of the wall of Babylon, as deduced from the successive authorities of Herodotus, Quintus Curtius, and Strabo. (p. 451.) *Thirdly*, That it is the only portion of ruin yet discovered in or near Babylon, which contains the peculiar cement of 'heated bitumen, mixed with the tops of reeds,' which Herodotus says (Clio. 17.) was used in the construction of the wall, and which is no where else described as being used in any other building of the city. (p. 452—455.) *Fourthly*, That, admitting the dimensions given to the city by Herodotus to be correct,—namely, a square of 480 stadia, or an extent of 15 miles in length, and the same in breadth, (of which the probable accuracy is shown by abundant corroborating testimonies,) this mound of Al Hheimar would be on the exact spot, in which the wall of the city, if any portion of it remained, might be expected to be found. (p. 458—466.)

It will be admitted, that these are no slight grounds on which to form the conclusions which they are assumed to warrant. And to all these what does the Reviewer oppose? Not a rejection of any portion of the data, founded on actual observation;—not a questioning of any of the authorities so abundantly cited;—not even a doubt of the soundness of a single argument grounded on these;—but a mere assertion—that I am in *error*!—like a grave country gentleman, who, in reply to the facts and arguments of a speech in the House of Commons, thinks it quite sufficient to say—"I do not mean to follow the honourable gentleman opposite through all the details of his very able and eloquent speech—but I beg to assure him that he is altogether mistaken—quite in error—and entirely in the wrong."

The following is an example of the looseness, not to say disingenuousness, of the manner in which this part of the Reviewer's article is written. Major Rennell had rejected the Birs Nimrood, or tower of Babel, as a Babylonian ruin, because he could not bring it exactly within the dimensions which he had previously assigned to the city. The Reviewer argues at great length to show that Major Rennell was wrong in this rejection; and, much as it seemed beyond his limits, shows satisfactorily that it could be brought within the limits of Herodotus, which he considered better authority. He then censures the Major in the language already quoted, for setting up his conjectures against Mr. Rich's positive testimony. Now, taking Sir R. K. Porter's Map of the Ruins, which includes both Al Hheimar, at the eastern extremity of Babylon, and the Birs Nimrood at the western, with the Kassr, or Palace, and Hanging Gardens, on the banks of the Euphrates, for the centre; it will be found, by a measurement on the scale appended to that map, that, while the

Birs Nimrood, which the Reviewer considers to come *within* the city walls is *NINE MILES* from that centre,—Al Hheimar, which is assumed by me to be part of the city wall itself, (and is rejected by the Reviewer on account of its distance,) is only *SEVEN MILES*!! And yet, with this fact, evident to all who will inspect the map, and measure the distances with a compass,—as well as the fact of Sir R. K. Porter himself, (whose work was published several years before mine,) at first conceiving this mound to be a portion of the wall, (vol. ii. p. 395, 396,) and then doubting it, because he could not, according to his estimate of distance, bring it nearer than *half a mile* beyond the city wall, (a distance perfectly inconsiderable in the topography of a city which was sixty miles in circuit, and has been in ruins for so many centuries) the Reviewer has the hardihood to say, that Akkerkoo, which is near the banks of the *Tigris*, and which, according to his own computation, is *fifty miles* distant from Babylon, (being ten miles north-west of Bagdad,) 'might with as great propriety be called a portion of the walls of Babylon, as Al Hheimar,' which is only *seven miles* from the centre of the ruins on the banks of the *Euphrates*, and consequently two miles *nearer* to that centre than the Birs Nimrood, which he takes great pains to prove must have been *within* the limits of the city itself!

Whether the authorities and reasonings contained in my description of the Ruins of Babylon be sufficient to establish the identity of the mound of Al Hheimar with the ancient wall of that celebrated city, may fairly admit of further discussion; (though all the critics who had previously reviewed the work, agreed in considering it most satisfactorily proved:)* but certainly, whoever wishes to satisfy the reading public, that any known traveller has fallen into an error upon a point of local description or topography, should adduce something more convincing than his mere *ipse dixit*: for, on a question of whether a mound be circular or triangular, and whether it most resembles a ruined wall or a perfect building, the testimony of an individual who has seen it, and taken the pains to describe it on the spot, attesting its accuracy with his name, may be supposed to be a little more satisfactory than that of an anonymous writer, who presents no claim to superior opportunities of observation, but merely exercises his privilege of *contradicting* whatever does not happen to confirm his preconceived or established notions, be it asserted by whom it may. If this be *reviewing*, then I can only say, that the art or profession stands in need of much amendment and reform.

Oct. 27, 1828.

J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

* It will be sufficient, perhaps, for the present, to select only a few passages on this head, from the Reviews published soon after the work appeared:

'But the distinguishing result and pride of Mr. Buckingham's research appears to consist in his discovery of a remaining portion of the celebrated walls of the city. It is in this particular that Mr. Buckingham stands quite alone. Mr. Rich had not explored the mound which appears to have thus rewarded the perseverance and research of Mr. Buckingham; and Captain Keppel had distinctly renounced the claim to any good fortune of the kind.'—'Mr. Buckingham's narrative of his "search after the walls of Babylon," and the very full, and to us very satisfactory, disquisition into which he enters, as to the evidence upon which he establishes his belief, that the mound called "Al Hheimar" is a real remnant of the city-wall, will be read, by every lover of classical antiquity, with singular eagerness.'—'His careful and discriminating survey of the mound Al Hheimar—his acute application of the minute description of the peculiar architecture of the city-walls, as found in Herodotus—and his intelligent observation of the distinguishing characteristics of the brickwork of Al Hheimar, as compared with that of all the other ruins,—gave birth to his persuasion of his having unexpectedly discovered a portion of the city wall; and which, at the same time, appears to bear so honourable a testimony to the minute accuracy of an ancient historian, whom modern ignorance has been very free to charge with credulity and error.'—*New Monthly Magazine*.

'The discovery of a portion of the walls of Babylon, is one of Mr. Buckingham's most remarkable discoveries; and to this he was led by the description of their structure in Herodotus. The historical authorities, and the reasoning by which Mr. Buckingham satisfactorily establishes that the ruin in question, called by the inhabitants Al Hheimar, is a part of the walls of the mighty city, are too long for us to extract, but are extremely interesting to the antiquarian.'—*Globe*.

THE QUERIST.

No. I.

Qv. I.—Are the Scotch Metaphysicians worth reading?

A QUESTION to be asked! For, though our countrymen cannot certainly be accused, at this moment, of studying with inordinate devotion the Scottish, or any other, system of mind, yet the currency which the writings of Reid, Stewart, and Brown, appear to be obtaining on the Continent will, most probably, produce a partial reflux in England, at a seasonable crisis for their ebbing popularity. Few years have elapsed, since it was seriously proposed to those who direct the public education of France, that the moral philosophy of these eminent professors should become the exclusive standard of the schools in that country. And in the last published numbers of our foreign reviews is advertised a French translation, by M. Jouffroy, of the works (we think entire) of Dr. Thomas Reid. It is, therefore, evidently time to look about us. But the reader may demand, How can the query which has suggested itself on this occasion, be answered? What constitutes a book of metaphysics worth reading? That it give the fullest account of all the principles and problems discovered, or invented, in the science of mind? At this rate, a student of the English language might be referred to Johnson's Dictionary, as the book most deserving of a diligent and thorough perusal. But a book of metaphysics may be termed worth reading, which either sets forth in clearness and evidence truths hitherto overlooked, or imperfectly explained; or which, at least, imparts sufficient liveliness and interest to falsehood or paradox, to set the mind on searching for the clue which is required to guide it out of its perplexities. Such, then, is the nature of the question proposed. But to return a categorical answer, with the reasons for it, would require a longer analysis of the writings in question, than consists with the limits of a weekly Journal. Something, however, may be done towards furnishing our readers with just grounds for forming a judgment, or rather, perhaps, with motives for reconsidering the judgment which already they may have passed upon these northern lights. It is a rough, but not unfair, way of estimating the rank of any school of philosophers, by examining what degree of comprehension they have shown of the great minds who have pre-occupied their own fields of inquiry. Luckily, a pretty decisive test of this description may be found for the most eminent disciples of the Scottish school, in the language which they have severally allowed themselves to use with regard to the works of Aristotle, Berkeley, and Kant.

There are few greater examples of the power of real genius to gain pardon for its wildest escapades and eccentricities, than that of the philosopher whom we have mentioned as the second object of the animadversions of the Scottish school; but who, as in the order of time he was first made the butt of their criticism, lays claim to earliest notice in a review of that criticism. Not one of Berkeley's theories has taken any root in the opinion of his own, or of succeeding times.* His crusade upon the doctrine of fluxions could scarce find either serious opposition or support: his principles of passive obedience were pushed so far as to alarm even royalty: and his grand ideal system, the base and crown of his philosophy, if it retains a few disciples at the present day, finds them chiefly, if not exclusively, in the ranks of that scepticism whose alliance the good bishop would have spurned with most fury. Yet, not-

* It is here only meant to be asserted, that none of Berkeley's theories have been received in their original shape, or referred, with decent gratitude, to their author. In any other sense, except with regard to his politics, I am aware that the assertion would be much too strong, had he written nothing else but his 'Theory of Vision.'

withstanding the discredit into which the whole dogmatical results of his philosophy appear to have fallen, the character of Berkeley, as a thinker and writer, still remains unimpaired, or even heightened; and his works are still perused with unexhausted delight by the true votaries of our English classic literature. What we are to think of an author, whose reception has conciliated such apparent incongruities, will introduce us to what the Scotch metaphysicians have thought of him.

The mind of Bishop Berkeley held in union some of the rarest and most valuable constituents in the character of a searcher after truth. He was gifted, in unusual combination and harmony, at once with those unerring intuitions of the nature and relations of things, which set him above all merely verbal difficulties and delusions, and with that inferior, but still useful, power of logic which placed at his command the whole armoury of reasoning. His clearness of conception, and his closeness of argument, were brought out in all their symmetry and boldness of relief, by the aid of language, answering, in its earnest strength, to the nature of the thoughts which inspired it; and, over and above his every other qualification, he evinced that zeal and seriousness of purpose, without which every other qualification loses more than half its influence and effect. His readers might be hopelessly bewildered, but they would never be insulted by a sneer of their guide at the confusion into which, for mere amusement, he had brought them. They might, perhaps, be led a steeple-chase; but their leader would be foremost in the danger and fatigue of the day. They might be placed, like the few followers of Charles XII., among the Turks, in a station of ridiculous and useless peril; but, in every deed of desperate hardihood, their general would be still in their van:

'Such buxom chief might lead his host
From Afric's sands to Zenbla's frost.'

Such a fearless and animated reasoner might conduct his willing audience to the wildest conclusions.

It is much to be regretted that some qualities and habits were wanting to the mind of Berkeley, which were requisite to the full effect of those which he possessed, and to the complement of the philosophical character. He had no idea of that deliberate and extended circumspection, required for the obtaining a correct and perfect view of other systems, and for choosing well the grounds of his own. Nor did he profess that absolute love of truth, for her own sake, and apart from all established creeds and doctrines whatsoever, which she so peremptorily demands from those to whom she shall reveal herself. It may be that the points which he attacked in other writers were, for the most part, untenable; and that the doctrines he was principally anxious to enforce, were generally true and important. But it is not the less certain, that his method of conferring undue prominence on some collateral object, whether of attack or defence, much impeded and obscured the main scope of his inquiry. His objection to Locke's paradox of the *triangle* might be conclusive, and his assaults on irreligion laudable; but neither of these should have held the first station of importance in a treatise on the 'Principles of Human Knowledge'; and, while Berkeley was annihilating *abstract ideas*, he was admitting perilous inroads of the doctrine of sensation; as, while pouring the full vials of his wrath upon sceptics, he was unconsciously furnishing new arguments for scepticism.

On an impartial view of Berkeley's ideal system, it will, I think, be discovered that the prejudice against it has arisen less from what is affirmed in it, than from what is omitted; for surely none will think it worth their while to defend the abstract inconceivable existence of *matter*, independent of the objects of our sensual perception. Still less will any venture to affirm from observation, that there is any perceivable connec-

tion between physical cause and effect, other than that of regular antecedence and consequence. Least of all, it may be hoped, in this religious age, will it be inferred from any such premises as the foregoing, that there exists a power of blind matter, lifeless and motionless, yet to which life or motion are indebted for their origin.

So far, then, as the principles of Berkeley go, they appear to me entirely unassailable. My complaint is, that they do not go farther. The good Bishop was too eagerly occupied in running up his system to its highest results, to care properly for laying his foundation wide and deep enough. In his haste to infer from the sensible scheme of the universe, to the all-pervading spirit of its Author, he leaves almost entirely out of consideration that *Reason* which exalts man to the conception of either. The only faculties laid down by him with any regularity, as principles of human knowledge, are those which are shared equally by men and by brutes! Brutes possess as fully as men all that Berkeley understands by *ideas*; and, if the ideas of brutes extend not from the finite to the infinite, it must be from the want of some distinct class of perceptions, underived through the senses, and which enable us to distinguish between sensual and spiritual existences—between worship and idolatry, justice and a judge's wig, gratitude and roast-beef.

It is no excuse for Berkeley, that some parts of his writings indicate clear consciousness of the broad line of distinction between that class of perceptions which he designates as *ideas*, and that which he entitles *imaginings*, or *notions*. Nay, this is an aggravation of the vices of his method, in so far as it is a proof that he sinned wilfully. The ideas derived from sense were his favourites, because it was these which enabled him to demolish Locke's abstractions, and the accidents and substance of the schoolmen. But those which are the creation of pure reason,—of mind acting on itself,—he comparatively slighted. A fatal partiality, of which the effects might teach philosophers to beware how they pursued polemical triumphs—how they kindled strange fire upon the altar of truth! It may safely be affirmed, that, if the genius of Berkeley had exerted its full vigour in the field of psychology, not even a momentary triumph would have been possible for the universal scepticism of Hume; and no enduring prejudice could have clung about the truths which are contained in his own writings. For surely it was not the love of entities or quiddities which disgusted sober people with the theory of ideas. It was a sense of the distinction between *body* and *soul*; which the multitude will probably continue to distinguish by the same names as heretofore, while philosophers, as heretofore, are occupied in confounding their nature, or doubting their existence.

Turn we from the rational to the Scotch mode of dealing with the system of Berkeley.

(To be continued.)

HORÆ HISPANICÆ.

Calderon.

A GREAT critic has enumerated various rules by which it may be discovered, whether a poem be the offspring of poetic power, as distinguished from general talent determined to poetic composition by accidental motives, by an act of will rather than by the inspiration of a genial and productive nature. There is one criterion, which in the composition of these papers has necessarily occurred to us, How far does this extract suffer in being taken away from its context? It is certain, that a passage from a genuine poet will still retain its superiority; but in proportion, it will have lost immeasurably more than one from an inferior artist; and this will arise from the fact, that the true poet's is pervaded more thoroughly by that spirit of unity, without which no great work of art has ever existed, and that the portions are more closely 'bound each to each by natural

sympathy,' reciprocally illustrating and illustrated by, what precedes and follows them. Our meaning might be rendered more apparent by a familiar instance. Let us suppose a jest or saying of Falstaff's, and another of Acres' or Mrs. Candor's, taken entirely independent of its context: it is likely that Shakspeare's will lose much by the transposition, while Sheridan's will remain uninjured; for the first had its peculiar relish from, and belonged to, the character from which it had grown out, while it is probable that the other was transferred from Sheridan's commonplace-book to the character, which served him but as a framework wherein to set his previously elaborated witticisms.

These remarks, if there be any justice in them, are of avail against ourselves. They show that, besides the difficulties which arise from our own inadequate conceptions of a great and genuine poet, like Calderon, there are others which await us, when we attempt to convey these conceptions to our readers. Indeed, the hopelessness of the task might reconcile us to its relinquishment; and we should scarcely return to it, were it not that as yet we have not even alluded to the sublime lyrical grandeur which distinguishes many portions of his dramas. Often the pure poetic power seems to overwhelm, and for a time to conceal, the dramatic. The same rapidity with which his own mind could pass from one idea to another, he appears to have expected from his reader; ideas which to the latter seem linked together by an arbitrary fancy, in his own mind were doubtlessly *fused* by the action of an all-powerful imagination. In the words, though applied to another poet, of that illustrious critic whom we have already quoted, 'unaided by any previous excitement, the objects which he presents burst upon us at once in life and in power.' Descriptions like the following are of no rare occurrence:

'The twisted lightning, like a snake of fire,
Writes in the air.'

If we had imagined we should ever have needed them, we might have selected many lines more illustrative of our object, than the following description of a rock, fine as it appears to us:

'A desolate dark rock, that evermore
Knits 'gainst the sun its forehead rude and hoar.

A few passages like these give us at once a key to the enthusiastic admiration which Mr. Shelley has expressed for the genius of Calderon. Their poetry, in fact, appears instinct with the same spirit. Other poets, and two more especially, who yet live to adorn and redeem our age, have looked on nature and its phenomena as the symbols and exponents of the world within us; but these poets, and it is in this they have their similarity, have gazed on it as though

'It had no need of a remoter charm
Or interest unborrowed from the eye.'

In the Spaniard, this feeling which found nature sufficing in herself, probably arose from constitutional temperament: in our countryman, it was a defect, (if defect it be,) which added years would have corrected. While on the subject of external nature, we would remark how frequently a description of Calderon's, which, on perusal, has appeared untrue or exaggerated, has been verified by a stricter observation, when the attention has thus been excited on the point. This is the manner in which he describes a tempest with a shipwreck—we should state that a scholar, whom love has caused to neglect his studies, speaks:

'What is this? the heavens so pure
And azure bright, are darkened and obscure:
The thunder, and the thunder-bolt, and lightning
Which now the centre shrouds
No longer, the faint day are frightening;
All heaven is crowned with clouds,
And big with horror does not spare
Yon mountain's twisted pinnacle.
The sun is vaporous mist, and smoke, the air,
And heaven is fire—Oh! have I ceased to dwell
Within thy halls so long, Philosophy,
This day, should be a riddle unto me.

The sea itself against the sky presumes,
A desperate onset: for the feathery spray,
By the wind winnowed, in light plumes
Borne upward floats away,
Like ashes whirled upon the blast,
Which was wrecking as it past
A desolate ship, that from the stormy waste
May no where hide,—for its sole safety lies
In the wide world of waters, when it flies
The pity of the port—But hark! a cry,
A shout, a groan, too truly prophesy
Of never-dying death, that sits
Upon the poop, or round the vessel flits,
That each pale mariner an hundred times may die.
The ship has portents of its own,
They throng not in the elements alone—
For the blind despairing bark,
Self-arrayed in tempest dark
Drives right against the shore, where wait
Death, and a more inevitable fate
Than ocean threatened—for an horned peak
There its sharp forehead lifts:
The wretched vessel stumbles on the cliffs,
And flakes of purple blood the pale foam streak.

Deepening the terrors of this storm,
In brave contempt, a human form
Whom the fierce waters cannot overwhelm,
Outrides their ire: meanwhile the bark
'Mid the waves grows dim and dark,
Down sinking to the Triton's realm.
And now beneath the wrinkled whirl
Of the pool, whose eddies curl
Round and round, with restless motion
It lies a carcass of the ocean.'

The little admiration which Calderon has received beyond the limits of Spain and Germany, has been paid exclusively to his comedies, or we should define them better by calling them his comedies of intrigue: these, though scarcely the noblest productions of his art, are peculiarly delightful. And would that, in the present day, when comedy has been so far degraded from its high office as to exhibit little else but the folly, and the meanness, and the selfishness, of ordinary life, only reflected back to us, as in a distorted mirror, tenfold more shapeless and deformed,—would that some author were among us who, with this glorious model before him, would seek, as *he* sought, to raise us into a higher, not to degrade us into a lower, world; from the perusal of whom we might arise, not more reconciled than ever to the abjectness of our present estate, but with perceptions, though dim, perhaps, and fleeting, of some unattained good, of the possibility of working out beauty and harmony even from the elements of every-day existence! This we believe to be the high and peculiar duty of comedy: it was this possibility which, in the elder days of our poetry, Shakspeare, and Fletcher, and Shirley, and all that mighty band, set before us. The mind, by an alchemy of its own, extracts good from the mighty crimes of men greatly bad, whom Tragedy presents to us; but, in the grovelling and petty vices which Comedy now delights to pourtray, there is no redeeming good. It may be pleaded, that our writers have represented human nature as they found it: but this is no excuse; for art were not art, if it were a mere transcript of what lies equally before us all. It is in the selection, and the combination of what is selected, that the mystery lies; and it is into this mystery that Calderon has had an especial insight. Few poets have perceived so clearly as he has done the daily beauty which exists, though we may be wilfully blind to it, in the goings of week-day man, in the affections of the lover, the struggles of the friend, the aspirations of the student. From the materials which lie unregarded at our feet, from the common clay, he has moulded groups of almost perfect beauty.

The principal charge which has been brought against his comedies,—a sameness in the delineation of character,—does not appear to be altogether unfounded. He would seem to share in a national defect, one common to every Spanish dramatist. One personage, who is never absent, deserves particular mention,—the Gracioso or

clown, generally the servant of the hero. Sustaining the anomalous parts of a spectator and an actor, he now caricatures the exalted sentiments of the lovers, or intrudes his privileged impertinence on the disasters of his master, the most frequent theme of his ridicule, and now criticises the faults in plot, or even in metre, which are to be found in the play. We are not sufficiently versed in the antiquities of the Spanish stage to say from whence this character takes its rise, whether it be of popular origin, entwined with the early recollections of the people, and, like the Greek chorus, not to be got rid of when, in the advanced state of the drama, it became a burden and a hindrance; or whether it was introduced by the free-will of the poet, who, conscious of a somewhat Oriental hyperbole of expression, and perhaps a too profuse pouring forth of metaphors and images, springing, as it did, from an overabundance of wealth, sought to introduce one who, by anticipating, might avert any ridicule of the spectator.

There is only one other class of dramas to which we can at present refer; viz., the religious: and that we must hurry over in a few sentences, although it be the one which has excited the warmest controversy, and called forth the most opposite opinions, having been denounced by some as impious and profane, and by others extolled as breathing forth the purest spirit of religion. From a charge of profaneness, though unintentional, we dare to assert that Calderon stands entirely freed. Though our examination of the religious plays has been cursory, we have ventured the assertion for this reason: had these dramas contained aught which might offend the taste or shock the feelings, it would have been apparent on the first perusal. There is one evident purpose which runs through so many of these and of the historical, that we can scarcely believe it the effect of chance; and it is a purpose so noble, that we should wrong our author, did we attribute it to aught but a pre-conceived design: he has loved to display the human mind purified and ennobled by sorrow and adversity—to set before us the great change which these may effect upon it. We do not allude to those sudden conversions from villainy to sanctity, wherein consists so much of the tricky stage-effect aimed at by Kotzebue and his followers,—an effect which consists merely in attributing to characters such actions and sentiments as all previous experience would tell us least to expect from them. At the opening of the drama, we meet with the warrior, who, fighting for a high and holy purpose, yet permits some motives of ambition or selfish aggrandizement to actuate his conduct; the scholar, who, devoting his energies to study and philosophy, yet seeks wisdom rather as a means of power and a path to fame, than for its own sake: presently, the revolution of Fortune takes place—the warrior is defeated and a prisoner—the student has been betrayed, in the pursuit of unhallowed knowledge, into the snares of some evil power. But, while the external circumstances are thus becoming darker and more gloomy, the moral picture, by a sublime opposition, becomes brighter and clearer. We cannot pursue the mind through each successive change, but trust we have already made our meaning sufficiently intelligible to our readers.

Instead of multiplying these unconnected remarks, we shall perform a more acceptable task in bringing before our readers another lyrical fragment, even though it be seen through the dim veil of our own words. We should remark, however, that we do not offer it for its merits or its demerits, its beauty or its extravagance, but simply because it is characteristic of the poet; nor have we attempted, on this or on any other occasion, to improve upon and amend him according to our notions, or, as the admirers of Pope's Homer would say, to present him in an English dress. If the end of translation were to multiply the number of good poems accessible to those instructed in any one language, a translator

might plead as an excuse for such dereliction from literary honesty, his desire to render the poem on which he was engaged as perfect as possible: although, even then, he would scarcely stand acquitted from the charge of presumption, in substituting his own judgment for one probably much superior. But, if, as we believe, the advantage of translation is that by displaying the human mind in another phase from that in which we are accustomed to contemplate it—by this method that exclusive spirit of criticism may be corrected, which is necessarily engendered when its models are those of a single country, then this end will be attained, not by paring down and adapting forms to our own taste, as the one standard of excellence—a mode which fosters that very feeling we would counteract—but by showing that we have too often mistaken the adjuncts for the essence of poetry, by demonstrating that its divine principle may be enshrined in forms with which we have no acquaintance. In fine, we may observe, that, if the translator has not sufficient *faith* in his original to believe that what is, is for the best, but, whenever he meets any thing not accordant with his own ideas, deems it necessary to fit and adapt it to them, either his original is not worth translating, or he is not qualified to be its translator. But, in our zeal to define the objects of translation, we had well nigh forgotten the passage from Calderon—with it we shall conclude. It is a lover's description of his mistress, and certainly shames the cold and unimaginative lovers of the north.

'The cradle of the infant Sun,
That scarfed in purple clouds and dun,
Kisses the dewy tear-drops up,
Shed in the flowret's odorous cup—
The budding, spring-awakened rose,
That, proudly bursting in its green prison,
Proclaims that April has arisen,
An' over the laughing gardens goes,
While mid the mild frosts gently-wrinkling,
The tea-s that Morning weeps from heaven
In smile and sparkle earth are sprinkling;
The streamlet that has vainly striven
To bubble its harmonious story
Between these lips that ice confines
And seals awhile;—the pink that shines
A coral star of transient glory,—
The golden-plumaged bird, that shows
All gaudy tints upon its wing,
A feathered harp, that still doth sing
To the water, murmuring
Sweet music, as it onward flows;—
The rock that can deceive the Sun,
Who would dissolve it with his ray;
Its snowy outwork may be won,
But the rock melts not away—
The laurel tree, while bates its foot
In the snows it tramples down;
A green Narcissus, fearing not
The lightning which it turns aside,
Or wears for an innocuous crown,
Daring the fires above deride,
Or the frosts about its root,—
In fine, the cradle, and the light,
The purple clouds, the streams, the rose,
The bird that passions through the night,
The morn that, raining tear-drops, throvs
Its smile on earth,—the crimson pink
Stooping over the fountain's brink :—
These are the portions which combine
In Her, of women most divine.'

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

By A WOOLGATHERER.

No. IX.

'Man never is, but always to be, blest.'

THERE are few lines which have been more frequently quoted than this, and few sentiments the truth of which has been more universally felt. Men are ever on the anxious and unquiet search after that happiness which sits neglected by their side; and, like Pyrrhus, each one has some kingdom to conquer, before he can enjoy the good he already possesses. I should not repeat here an observation which has a thousand times afforded

a subject to the rhetorician and the satyrst; but that it has occurred to me, that this disposition to procrastinate our happiness has been much favoured and increased by the method of moralizing common to all counsel-giving gentry. The remote consequence of an action is the first object of their consideration; the immediate happiness or unhappiness resulting to the agent, is seldom contemplated. Its effect upon the future is the sole motive they urge: to-day has no value, but in its influence on to-morrow: the present is, in all cases, to be sacrificed to the future: it is something to be put out to interest, to be speculated upon after the best calculations of profit and loss. From the earliest to the latest moment of our lives, instructors of all kinds are perpetually representing the future as the rule by which to judge of the present. Can it be wondered at, that we should learn to attach but little importance to the latter, and that we should fall into the absurd habit of neglecting the hour before us, to increase the enjoyment of some future hour, which, in its turn, is to be sacrificed for the benefit of its successor? In childhood, we are taught that all our industry is for the advantage of riper years: the whole season of youth is a preparation for manhood: in manhood, the habit of expectation is too deeply rooted to be effaced; and old age arrives bidding men prepare for another state of existence, before they have learned to live in this. If it is possible for man to be happy, it is possible for him to be so *now*; if virtue constitute that happiness, to be happy now is the only guarantee of the happiness of the future. Let moralists, then, found more of their discourse on the felicity of the present; let them not throw that into the distance, which ought to be brought as near as possible; let them not wander wide to find motives to that conduct the pleasure of which should be itself the first inducement.

The remoter consequences of an action are not, of course, to be overlooked; but, by dwelling upon them almost exclusively, we learn to forget the more immediate ones, and to attach that importance to a time yet to come which would be better attached to the moment that is with us. The great object of every man is, or ought to be, the perfection of his moral character; and, although it may be necessary that, to be fully convinced of this, he should have looked abroad upon the future; yet, the object once recognised, he can only effect it by entrenching himself within the present. It is in vain that he extends his imagination over a well-spent life; the strength of his will is exhausted in resolves which relate not to the present time, and cannot, therefore, be acted upon. His are aspirations, indeed, rather than resolutions. He is an architect who is continually dwelling upon, and embellishing, his plan, but of whose palace not one stone will be laid. Let him limit himself to the hour; let him live by the day; let him think honestly and feel honestly now, and it will soon come that the morrow will take care for itself. With the philosopher as with the libertine, the present hour is worth all the rest.

I know of no remedy to the evils of life so constant and so sure as the habit of withdrawing ourselves into that portion of it which is immediately passing before us—of looking near at those very miseries which, when cast into the distance, appear so fearful and overwhelming. By extending our existence over the future, we make each moment bear the burden of many years: by failing to look closely at the evils of life, we are ever deceived as to their nature:—we suffer without gaining experience—we endure without improving in fortitude. A great portion of the miseries of men have their origin in their servile obedience to the opinions of others. They are miseries because society chooses to think or call them such. How shall we be disabused of this error, but by steadfastly regarding the facts themselves, which are reported to be of so cruel a description?

Take the example of one who has fallen from opulence into what he calls poverty. He starts

every moment at the bitter reflection of what other men are saying of him, and how other men will, in future, greet him. The real outward circumstances, the actual deprivations which he has to sustain, do not press upon him in the least. These he forgets—these he passes over, to torture himself in divining the whispers of society; in picturing to himself a future of the keenest humiliation, of ruined hopes and mortified vanity. Were I the friend of such a one, I would attempt to distract his thoughts by no other method than by fixing them on the external details of his situation. I would draw his attention to the mean apartment in which he dwelt, to his lack of attendance, to his meagre and ill-served fare, to the unpolished and unceremonious deportment of those around him. No deprivation or neglect should pass unnoticed: each circumstance of poverty, as it arose before him, should be dwelt upon and estimated, till he should be able fairly to judge of that situation which he had invested with so much horror, and by learning what he had really lost, discover what had been still left to him.

Even physical pain, or, to speak more correctly, the state of unhappiness resulting from physical pain, admits of being alleviated by the same process. It is not the actual amount of suffering which forms the whole, or even the greater part, of the misery of a sick man's chamber. It is the anxious, restless regard which he casts upon the future, the impatient wish for his cure, and the harassing fear that it may be long delayed, that originate the greatest portion of his agony. It is not the malady of the present moment only that he endures: he has extended his sensibility over days and nights to come; and languishes in imagination in the sufferings of many months or years. The general custom is to amuse and support patients with the hope of a speedy cure,—a hope which must often be disappointed, and which only retards the acquisition of the fortitude so necessary to them. I should wish rather that they should fix their attention on the immediate pain that must be endured,—should estimate its power over them, and the amount of force which remained to them after having supported it. How often do we find persons of the weakest frame subject to almost continual illness, who, because they no longer seek for support in the hope of remedy, but in a dependance on their own fortitude, pass a life of serenity and cheerfulness amongst sufferings which would have totally overwhelmed a more health-pampered spirit?

The last recommendation that I will mention of this habit of living within the present, and one, perhaps, which will have more influence than any other, is, that it is an infallible specific against ennui. And this it requires little reasoning to show, since it is the opposite habit which is the great source of this so terrible malady. Coming pleasures cast their shadow before them. It is the custom of looking to something beyond and out of ourselves for our means of happiness, that begets all the tedium of life. Many, to escape from this affliction, engage in toilsome occupations, in themselves little profitable, that they may at least enjoy the change from labour to repose; as though, of all the animals of the earth, man were the only one who is unable to endure his existence, except by forgetting as much as possible that he exists.

In conclusion, I must be permitted to observe, that the error which I have attributed to moralists is still more glaring in religious teachers. The visions of happiness by which they would stir their hearers, are all pictured in another world: rarely do they deign to introduce any portion of their glories into this. Earth is a vale of tears, through which the hope of brighter regions is alone to support us; and men are taught to expect in some future time, in some distant place, that heaven which they ought to seek now within their own bosoms. It is a strange system that the generality of divines have adopted. In a case

where the greatest resolution is necessary, where the will is to be most powerfully exerted, their first object seems to be to demonstrate the utter feebleness of the agent, and, in this life, the hopelessness of his project. They who lead troops to battle tell them, that, if they are brave, they will be victorious, and point to the spoil within their reach; but they who lead the army of the saints, commence by assuring them that they are powerless, and that the prize they fight for is at an immeasurable distance.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Paris in Autumn.—The Abbé Gregoire—The Abbé de Pompières—Cousin—Anecdote—Figaro—New Works—Lemagon—Voyage of a Frenchman to Timbuctoo.

I AM choosing a very odd time for the commencement of my philosophico-literary correspondence with you. The Chambers are closed—the public lectures suspended, the tribune mute—vacation at the law courts—fashionable people have carried their indolence to the waters of the Mont d'Or, or to the nearer lounges of Fontenay de Roses, of Meudon and of Enghien; and deputies and men of letters are gathering strength for the next campaign at their country-houses.

In 'la ville de fumée, de bruit, et de boue,' there is positively nothing going which would amuse you, as characteristic of French society. The routs of the Duc d'Orléans, the balls of Lafitte, the politico-literary soirées of Lafayette, will not open till the end of December. The Jardin des Tuileries, if we had never seen it at any other time, would prove Casimir Delavigne to have displayed more imagination than truth in L'Ecole des Vieillards; in short, if the word Paris, as its inhabitants pretend, is much less the symbol of mere dead walls, and much more of the life, vivacity, and elegance, which it contains in it, than your capital Paris may be said to have ceased to exist, in a sense in which London never can, even when a single fashionable is not to be seen in St. James's-street.

Of all that crowd of eminent men who will crowd the saloons of Paris this winter, there are now here some half dozen peers and deputies, imagining some business detains them because they are not fortunate enough to possess a foot of earth in any part of France, and about half that number of academicians, savans, and philosophers, whose humble circumstances do not permit distant excursions. I have called upon the Abbé Gregoire, that courageous republican,—one of three who resisted the despotism of Napoleon, and who, now in his eightieth year, is writing and fighting against negro-slavery. I will talk to you another time of his 'History of the Sects,' a work of which he has published a new edition, and of the letter he addressed to the Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, declining the title of 'Commandeur' of the Legion of Honour, which had been pre-erented to him as a mark of national gratitude. 'Inaccessible to ambition,' he writes to the Maréchal Macdonald, 'and arrived at the confines of eternity, I study exclusively now as throughout the whole of my life, the best means of enlightening my mind, of purifying my heart, and of contributing to the happiness of my fellow-creatures, though, in truth, the services that one is able to do them here, rarely go unpunished. Repelled from the Legislature and from the Institute I may be admitted myself to add to these exclusions a third,—to entrench myself in that circle of qualities which cannot be conferred by a brevet, or taken away by an ordonnance—qualities recognised only in those two tribunals where contemporary judgments will be revised and reversed, the tribunal of history and of the Eternal Judge.' One of the two exclusions to which he alluded took place in 1820, when, having been chosen deputy for the department of here, he was compelled by a small majority to abandon his seat as a regicide. The same charge had previously excluded him from the Institute, though it was an utter calumny, as Abbé Gregoire did not vote for the murder of Louis.

There is a talk of restoring to the Academy M.M. Etienne and Arnaut, who, as well as the old Bishop of Blois, had been banished from it in 1815. I do not know whether these two literateurs would accept this act of individual justice; but I know that the Abbé Gregoire would not consent to return, unless a general measure were adopted which would recall all the Members who have been illegally driven from it by the Bourbons.

The Abbé de Pompières, is another of the autumn lingerers. He may be cited as a twin instance with the Abbé Gregoire, of a man who has carried the rare virtue

of civil courage to its highest pitch. His accusation against Villèle has brought him into high reputation among the good citizens of Paris. He is nearly eighty years of age, with something of the air and figure of Voltaire, short, slim, rather wrinkled, his nose en forme d'éteignoir, the hair gray and smooth, altogether a singular person. He is still firing away at the old Administration; for he is one of those soldiers who never leave their man alone till they have fairly crushed him.

I was returning from his house the day before yesterday, and had just passed the Pont Royal, when the friend who was with me pointed out Cousin to me, stopping on the quay, and gazing, in a fit of abstraction, upon Voltaire's old house, which is now undergoing repairs. There is something of character in the figure of this Platonist, but not the sublimity which his disciples have observed in it. Cousin is not so popular here as people in England have been given to understand. His metaphysics are still considerably beyond the grasp of Parisian intellects; and, without venturing any opinion myself, whether this is the fault of the philosopher or his readers, I must own that the following anecdote, if true, would go so far to convict Cousin of coxcombry, that one would be apt to embrace the former hypothesis. It is said, that on a certain occasion he had just obtained a number of 'Le Globe,' containing one of his articles. He clenched it in his hands; put it at a little distance from him; held it up to the light; gazed at it over and over, allowing his eyes to wander from line to line, with the delicious rapture of a girl who sees her form, for the first time, reflected in a mirror. A friend was with him. Overflowing with ecstasy, it was long before the philosopher could find words; but, at length pointing to the article with his finger, he exclaimed, 'Sir, there are not four persons in all Europe who can understand that.'

'Le Figaro' contained in its number of the 13th of this month, a very malicious, but witty article, upon Cousin's 'Cours.' I would send it you, but that it is a little over long. This Journal is the best of the light troops of the press. I will send you a dialogue between Fontenelle and Voltaire, taken from it, and which you will find not unworthy a place in 'The Athenæum.'

No work of importance has been published for some weeks. I shall speak to you hereafter, of the treatise, 'Sur le Courage Civil,' of the M. H. Corne, on which the Society of Christian Morals has bestowed its honours; and of the Memoirs of the police-agent, Vidocq, which are the rage both here and in the Provinces, and of the 'Chansons inédites de Beranger,' which the bookseller, Baudouin, bought for 8,00 francs, and which, as you are aware, has been suppressed.

I will reserve the remainder of my letter for an account of a new romance, and a letter which will inform you that the mysteries of Timbuctoo have at length been penetrated by a European and a Frenchman.

I will begin with the romance of M. Michel Raimond: 'Le Maçon' is its title. The idea of the novel is not new. It represents the struggles of the good and evil principle, acting upon a man who belongs to that class of society in which our nature appears, in the tumultuous grossness of the passions, in all its degradation and all its frightful consequences, stripped of the éclat of the beau monde and the prestige of good manners. The hero of M. Raimond is a poor bricklayer, named Gautier, and the simplicity of his early life, his temptations in the capital, his resistance, and his fall, afford an opportunity for a picture of popular manners which as much exceeds in interest, as it does in truth, the aristocratical Memoirs with which we have been of late so pestered.

The new voyage of a Frenchman to Timbuctoo has reached us through the Geographic Society. The news are contained in a letter of M. De La Pact, French Vice-Consul at Tangiers, addressed to the Vice-President of the Society. I enclose the letter, the statements of which may, of course, be relied on:

Extrait de deux Lettres de M. A. Caillé à M. le Président de la Commission Centrale.

Toulon, 10 Octobre, 1828.

'Etant au Sénégal, en 1824, je projetai d'explorer l'Afrique Centrale, de visiter les villes de Jenné et de Tombouctou, objet des recherches des Européens, qui a coûté la vie à tant d'illustres voyageurs, enfin de surpasser, s'il était possible, les Anglais qui nous avaient devancé. Je me décidai en conséquence à partir pour l'intérieur à l'aide de mes seules ressources, persuadé qu'à mon retour le Gouvernement saurait apprécier mes services.'

'Le 19 Avril, 1827, je quittai Cacandy sur le Rio-Nunez; je suivis une caravane de marchands Mandingues allant sur le Niger. Grace au costume Arab

et à la religion du pays, que j'em brassai, les nombreuses difficultés attachées à ce pénible voyage ont été applanies. J'ai franchi sans obstacles les hautes montagnes de la Sénégambie et du Fouta Djaloul, les pays de Kankou, de Wasoulou, etc.; et je suis arrivé à Timé, village habité par des Mandingues Mahométans, situé dans la partie sud du Bambara, où je séjournai cinq mois, retenu par une maladie très-grave.

'Le 9 Janvier, 1828, je repris mon voyage; je visitai l'Ile et la ville de Jenné et m'embarquai sur le Niger sur une embarcation d'environ 60 tonneaux destinée pour Tombouctou; j'y arrivai après un mois d'une pénible navigation. Cette ville est située à cinq milles au nord de Kabra, dans une plaine de sable mouvant, où il ne croît que de frères arbrisseaux. J'y séjournai quatorze jours; j'étudiai les mœurs et les usages des habitants, le commerce et les ressources du pays, et je pris toutes les informations que je pus me procurer. Ensuite je me dirigeai au nord pour traverser le grand désert, et j'arrivai à El-Arawan. Cette ville est située à 6 jours au nord de Tombouctou; c'est l'entrepôt du sel qui est transporté à Sansanding et à Yamina; elle est située sur un sol aride et sans aucun arbrisseau. Le vent brûlant de l'est y règne continuellement. Je continuai ma route au nord, et j'arrivai au puits de Télique, à huit jours d'El-Arawan.

'Dela, je m'enfonçai dans le désert, au N.-N.-O. Tout le sol est composé de sable mouvant et de roches de quartz gris jaspé de blanc. Après deux mois de marche et des plus pénibles privations dans cet horrible désert, j'arrivai enfin à Taflet; je passai à Fez, Mequinez, Rabat et Tanger, où je fus accueilli par M. Delaporte, vice-consul de France, qui me procura tous les soins qu'exigeait ma position. Peu après je m'embarquai sur une goëlette qui me conduisit Toulon ou je suis en convalescence.'

A tragedy, from the pen of M. Leadières, was brought out, at the Théâtre Français, the night before last. I will talk of it in my next, which I shall send you after my return from a short visit which I am about to pay to General Lafayette.

F.

OPENING OF THE ST. KATHARINE DOCKS.

(Communicated by our worthy friend and esteemed Correspondent, Mr. Humphrey Hugginson.)

THE ceremony of opening these Docks took place on Saturday last; and we do not hesitate in pronouncing it to have been by far the grandest public spectacle which has taken place for years in the metropolis.

A spectacle of this nature has the effect, perhaps more than any other, of exciting a deep interest in all who behold it, with the exception, of course, of such fashionable sprigs of high-bred ignorance, as fancy, in the fulness of their emptiness, that commercial pursuits, in any shape, are wholly beneath their notice, little dreaming that their possessions, of what description soever they may be, depend for their value and stability on the commercial prosperity of the country. Such folk as these are incapable of taking a deep interest in any thing; but on all others, we repeat it, a spectacle such as that we witnessed on Saturday, is calculated to produce a deep and lasting impression. To the statesman and political economist, the sight of such a work, whether as respects its magnitude or the spirit in which it was undertaken, cannot fail to produce reflections, on the one hand, upon the gigantic energy of individual speculation in this country, where works, which abroad are undertaken only by Governments, are projected and carried through by the exertions of a few private capitalists, while, on the other hand, in the spirit of strenuous opposition to monopoly which prompted the undertaking, he may mark one of the most striking signs of the progress of public opinion, of that power which, sooner or later, overwhelming the obstacles thrown in its way by interest and ignorance, must end in casting off the chains by which many branches of trade are still fettered, and teaching the British capitalist to look for success in industry, intelligence, and free competition.

To the moralist and philosopher, the mere contemplation of so enormous an aggregate of human

existence, must be the source of deep and absorbing meditation.

To the merchant and trader, whether individually interested in the success of the work or not, a strong interest must naturally attach to what concerns him so nearly, and in viewing the additional facilities and accommodations which are thus afforded to the port of London, he must look forward with exultation to the success of future projects and the opening of wider fields of enterprise.

But enough of this meditative mood;—our readers, and particularly our fair readers, are probably dying with curiosity to know how the entertainments went on and went off,—and here we are, deep in a reverie about statesmen and moralists, and other such useless characters;—but we have done, and shall now proceed to gratify them.

The plan the Directors have pursued, is, in our opinion, the most politic way of making the Docks known that could have been devised, nothing being ever so indelibly fixed in the memory of an Englishman as that which is cemented by eating and drinking; and the entertainments of Saturday will be repaid, we doubt not, by the cargoes of many a 'goodly argosie,' the owners of which, while enjoying themselves at the feast, inwardly vowed to contribute their assistance in filling warehouses where they themselves had experienced such agreeable repelition.

The detail and arrangements reflect the highest credit on those who had the management of them; yet all would have failed in producing the desired effect, without the concurrence of the weather, which, fortunately for all parties, was as delightful as if the managers had been endowed with the power of bespeaking it, along with other necessities. The Directors may consider themselves extremely fortunate that such was the case, as, had the day been like the succeeding one, (a remark which we can venture to say has been made by every one who was present there), the entertainment, instead of producing the brilliant effect that it did, must have ended in disappointment to the shareholders and their visitors, and discount on the shares.

As it was, every thing seemed *coulour de rose*: the enlivening airs executed by the military bands stationed in different parts of the dock; the gaiety of the scene and the unusual brightness of the atmosphere, contributed to give an appearance of perfect enjoyment to all present, from which the prospect of the succeeding banquet did not, we should presume, judging from the eagerness with which the visitors flocked to it, detract in any material degree.

The whole of the west and south sides, as far as the entrance into the basin, were set apart for those who had red tickets, that is, tickets which admitted the possessor to *see every thing*, but *eat nothing*; though, indeed, as they were issued to the number of 7,000, it would have been no easy task to provide for the entertainment of their mouths as well as their eyes.

The north and east sides were allotted to the blue or banquet tickets, together with the remaining half of the south side, a considerable part of which was railed off for the accommodation of the Directors, with their friends, and such 'visitors of rank' (rather an invidious distinction, by the way) as might be present.

At a quarter to two, the first vessel (the *Elizabeth*) was hauled into the basin from the river,—she is a fine vessel of 516 tons—covered all over with flags, and was received with a salute from the artillery; and three hearty cheers from the spectators, amongst whom Sir Charles Flower made himself very conspicuous. She then proceeded across the dock, the bands, as well on board as on shore, playing 'Rule Britannia': in her passage across, she rolled so much, owing to her lightness and the number of men who were stationed on her yards, that we heard many

express fears that she might upset, and nobody seemed perfectly at their ease until she was safely moored to the quay. She was followed by six or seven other vessels similarly decorated, amongst which was a Scotchman, whose band consisted of the national instruments, and whose flag bore the initials S. P. Q. B., but whether the last letter signified Britannicus, or Bagpipes, we had no means of ascertaining.

After this, the Company, according to a printed programme, handed to each person on his admission, filed off to the collation, headed by the directors, with their friends, and the before-mentioned 'visitors of rank,' of whom, owing to the season, there was a great paucity. We had been told that several of his Majesty's Ministers meant to attend; but none were, with the exception of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, present, which we are sorry for on their own account, as they not only lost a pleasant entertainment, but also the honourable designation of 'Illustissimi dock-tories,' to which they would have been thereafter entitled. The way to the refreshment-room lay along the east side, and up a flight of stairs leading to the first floor of one of the north warehouses, at the farther end of which was a small door, through which all those who had tickets (which it seems the directors found it necessary to issue, owing to the overflow of the company, and which had been distributed as far as they would go among those who arrived first at the dock) were allowed to pass up another flight of stairs to the rooms, the others having to wait until they came out.

The press at this door was very great: several ladies fainted; and we are sorry to say that the persons composing it were not so uniformly well-bred as we should have expected—several of them 'standing less upon their manners' than upon their neighbours' toes, like Shakespeare's clown. However, there was one great excuse for them, which is that a suspicion had got abroad, originating in certain dark hints thrown out in the printed programme we before mentioned, of the possibility of there not being sufficient accommodation for the number of visitors. From this a suspicion arose, that the directors, unmindful of the awful lesson of 1825, had made an over-issue of paper, in other words, had issued more tickets than were convertible into plates and provisions; and the consequence was a panic, to which that of 1825 was a mere joke. After much trouble, we managed to get through the door, and ascended the stair to the refreshment-room, at the door of which we were again stopped, no more than about half-a-dozen being admitted at a time, in order that there might be no scrambling for places. The tickets were all either named or numbered; and, a corresponding number being placed in the plate allotted to it, every one was arranged with the utmost order. Nothing can exceed the *coup-d'œil* which presented itself on entering the room. Imagine a room, festooned with flags and laurels, in which eight hundred people were dining; and you may have some idea of it. The adjoining room had a similar number; and we were told that there were two more on the same scale; which, from the number of people to be entertained, we should think was most likely the case. The provisions of all sorts were extremely good, and did great credit to the purveyor. There were none of the finer wines, but what there were, (principally port, sherry, and bucellas,) were far better than are generally to be met with at public entertainments.

After dinner, the toasts given in the deputy-chairman's room, where our lot was cast, were 'The King,' 'The Trade of the City of London,' 'Prosperity to the St. Katharine Docks,' on which it was mentioned, that, from the time of laying the first stone, to that moment, eighteen months only had elapsed; the toast was, of course, drunk with tumultuous applause. Then followed, 'The Chairman, Deputy-Chairman, and Directors,' for whom Mr. Larpen returned thanks. In addition to these, the toasts given in the adjoining room,

where the Chairman presided, were, 'His Majesty's Ministers,' to which Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald returned thanks; and 'The Ladies,' proposed by Sir Charles Flower, to whom they were, no doubt, duly grateful. At half-past four, we took our departure, and so deeply were we imbued with the spirit of the place, that we went on our way rejoicing, and broke out into song, as follows:

TUNE.—'Omne quod exit in um, ut vinum, merum, toast'em, cheer'em.'—(*Allegro con Spirito.*)

From Frenchified fop keep us 'nation of shopkeepers! No fashion shall blind us, no folly mislead us: We'll all become traders; St. Katherine has made us See how to make business a pleasure indeed!

This bountiful patroness (worthy St. Kath'rine) is Like no other saint ever heard of—as she, From bottom to top holy asks no monopoly, Content with free offerings as all saints should be.

A dock thus began, Sir, must certainly answer, To encourage such principles all will combine, The corn and the tea trades, must soon be made free trades,

It creates such demand in provisions and wine!

We had the curiosity to return on the following Monday, to see the commencement of business,—but, alas! how changed was the scene! The lovely forms on which our memory still dwelt with rapture, had all vanished, and, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision,'—but stay, we won't quote while we can compose for ourselves:

TUNE.—'Sic transit gloria Monday.'—(*Andante maestoso.*)

The vision was sped, and so was the spread,† The bare warehouse walls of their trappings were reft: The Sherry as well as the Port and Bucellas, No trace save a casual headache had left.

The founce and the feather had vanished together,— With fashion and finery, beef, ham, and veal! 'Steal of homage to beauty, they're now paying duty, On Rhubarb, and Seena, and raw Cochinal!

The Roses in dock o' late were turned into Chocolate! All fled were those eyes where young love sat enshrined! For dames there were Aloe casks! for dowagers, Tallow casks!

Nor ought had they left save a 'bustle behind'!!! ‡

* Any one who, like us, witnessed the rapid extinction of the Company's Collation, must have become a convert to the doctrine that free trade increases consumption.

† Classical abbreviation of 'sumptuous cold collation.'

‡ To the uninitiated, the reason why these two last words are printed in italics may seem a mystery: we beg to refer them to any mantua-maker for information.

University of London.—On Friday last, the Rev. Thomas Dale delivered a discourse, introductory of a series of lectures on English Literature. In the course of his address, the rev. gentleman strongly condemned the manner in which English literature was too often neglected for the attainment of the dead languages, though the latter, he maintained, had furnished no works superior in point of variety and excellence to those which were to be found in the English tongue. Mr. Dale emphatically declared his intention to omit no opportunity of impressing upon the minds of the students who might attend his lectures, the necessity of religious belief, and of holding up to their reprobation all writers, however splendid their abilities, the tendency of whose works was to bring religion into contempt.

Monument to Lomonossov at Archangel.—This monument, for the erection of which the sum of 40,000 roubles had been raised by subscription, was cast by M. Yakimov, after a model by M. Marlos. Lomonossov is represented in a standing attitude, and of the size of life; his eyes, which glow with poetical enthusiasm, are directed towards heaven, and in his hand he holds a lyre. At his feet is a hemisphere, bearing a simple and appropriate inscription. The monument is above three arches in height, exclusive of the pedestal, which is of granite.

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Coleridge.—Among the most agreeable reports now in circulation, is one that Mr. Coleridge has made considerable progress with a play, in which Miss Phillips is to sustain a prominent part. The poet is said to have expressed the highest admiration of the young *debutante*; and she is believed to be the inspiring genius of his present effort.

Retrenchment.—The French journals say, that at the next *fete du Roi*, the new Prefect of Police has determined to allow no gluttony or drunkenness at the public expense. How the Parisians will like being deprived of the customary largesse of meat and wine, during these dear times, when the *Moniteur* is warning people against commotions, on account of the high price of bread, we know not; but we conclude that the change will be more relished by the journalists than by the populace.

Streets of Paris.—There are strong hopes that the inconvenient and dirty streets in Paris, which have so long been a reproach to a city that affects to call itself the model of elegance, will now be removed. Foot-pavements, upon the London system, have not long since been begun, and are in a state of rapid progress, the industry of the citizens being much quickened by a notice given to the inhabitants of some of the principal streets, that, if the pavements were laid down within a certain time, one-half of the expense would be borne by the municipal funds; that, if that time was lengthened, the money should be proportionally diminished—the city, in that case, undertaking to pay only one fourth, while, in the event of a still further delay, the whole expense must be borne by the inhabitants themselves, who would be still compelled to put down pavements for the public convenience.—*Morning Chronicle*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Novels and Tales.

The Author of 'De Lisle' has a new novel in the press, entitled 'The Trials of Life,' which will be published early in November.

Mr. Horace Smith's 'Zillah,' a Tale of the Holy City, may be shortly expected.

A second series of 'The Romance of History,' comprising Tales founded on facts, illustrative of the Romantic Annals of France, from the reign of Charlemagne to that of Louis XIV., inclusive, will be published early in the next month.

'The Protestant,' a Tale of the reign of Queen Mary, by the author of 'De Foix,' will shortly make its appearance.

The Man of Two Lives, a Narrative, written by himself, is promised.

Tales of the Great St. Bernard, by a distinguished writer, will shortly appear.

Tales and Confessions, by Leitch Ritchie, in 1 vol. post 8vo., will be published on the 3d instant.

The Castilian, by the Author of 'Gomez Arias,' is preparing for publication.

Biography and History.

Mr. J. Roscoe, we understand, is now engaged in writing the Life of Ariosto, with sketches of his most distinguished literary and political contemporaries.

Mr. Smith's Life of Nollekens will appear forthwith. It will comprise several valuable Letters of contemporary Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, especially Fuseli, Flaxman, and Blake.

The Life and Times of Francis the First, will appear early in November.

Poetry.

A New Year's Eve, and other Poems, by Bernard Barton, will appear immediately.

A Poetical Epistle to Harriett, Duchess of St. Albans, is preparing for publication.

Theology.

Typical Instruction Considered and Illustrated, by John Peters, A.M., Lecturer of St. Antholin's, Watling-street, is announced.

Essays on the Universal Analogy between the Natural and Spiritual Worlds, by the Author of 'Memoirs of a Deist,' are nearly ready.

The Interpositions of Divine Providence, selected exclusively from the Holy Scriptures, by Joseph Tomin, Esq., will be published shortly.

The Rev. William Deatly has announced a new edition of his *termons*.

A new edition of the Tribute of Sympathy, by W. Newnham, is announced.

A new edition of the Annals of the Poor, by the late Rev. Leigh Richmond, with a Memoir of the Author, is in the press.

Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.

Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy, or a familiar explanation of the nature and operations of the human mind, will appear early in November.

Surgery and Medicine.

A Treatise on the Diseases of the Bones by Benjamin Bell, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in London and Edinburgh, will appear in a few days.

The Manual for Invalids, or Practical Rules for the Attainment and Preservation of Health, with popular Illustrations of the most important Functions of the Animal Economy, will appear early in November.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

The Literary Souvenir, 1829, edited by A. Watts, Esq., with engravings, 12s.

Ditto ditto, large paper, 24s.

Darley's Geometrical Companion, 12mo., 4s. 6d.

Memoirs of Rev. Pliny Fisk, 12mo., 5s.

Yehring's Voice of Nature, 18mo., 2s.

Morgan's Elements of Algebra, 8vo., 5s. 6d.

March's Housekeeper, 1829, 2s.

The Royal Almanac, 1829, 3s. 6d.

Christie on Cholera, 8vo., 5s.

Life in India, or the English at Calcutta, 3 vols., 8vo., 28s. 6d.

Godwin's History of the Commonwealth of England, vol. 4, 8vo., 10s.

Santaguello's Italian Grammar, 12mo., 7s. 6d.

Amesbury on Fractures, 8vo., 16s.

The Anniversary, 1829, 8vo., 21s.

Ditto, royal, 8vo., 2l. 12s. 6d.

Turner's Chemistry, 8vo., 18s.

Abercrombie on the Stomach, 8vo., 12s.

Knight's Book of Crests, 4to., 1l. 10s.

—Heraldic Illustrations, part 1, 4s.

The Juvenile Keepsake, edited by Thomas Roscoe, 8s.

Heman's Records of Woman, second edition, 8s. 6d.

Bythwood's Conveyancing, vol. 1, new edition, by J. Stewart, Esq., 1l. 2s.

Montgomery's Omnipresence of the Deity, seventh edition, 12mo., 7s. 6d.

Maughan on the Laws of Literary Property, 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Pelham, or, the Adventures of a Gentleman, second edition, 3 vols., 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.

Plain Advice to Landlords and Tenants, second edition, 2s.

The Bijou, 1829, 12s.

Ditto, India paper, 1l. 1s.

A Series of Sermons, preached in St. John's Chapel, Bognor, during the summer of 1827. By the Rev. Henry Raikes, A.M. 8vo., 8s.

Sermons on Various Subjects, Doctrinal and Practical. By the Rev. James Proctor, A.M., 8vo., 10s.

Occasional Thoughts on Select Texts of Scripture. By the late John Mason Good, M.D., 12mo., fcp., 3s. 6d.

The Amateur's Perspective; being an attempt to present the Theory in the simplest form, and so to methodize and arrange the subject, as to render the practice intelligible to the uninitiated in a few hours of study. By Richard Davenport, Esq., 4to., 18s.

A New Edition of the Sacred Preceptor; or, a Series of Questions and Answers, elucidating the Doctrine, Practice, and Natural History of Scripture. For the use of Schools and Young Persons, 18mo., 3s.

Authorities on the Sin and Danger of frequenting the Theatre, 12mo.

Practical Instructions for the Formation and Culture of the Tree Rose, fcp., 3s. 6d.

A Charge, delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Ely, at a Visitation held in the Parish Church of St. Michael's Cambridge, on Tuesday, April 29, 1828, with an Appendix. By the Rev. J. H. Browne, A.M., Archdeacon of Ely, 8vo., 5s. 6d.

Letter of the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Keayon, 8vo.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

October.	Therm.	Barom.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Cloud.
A.M. P.M.	At Noon.				
Mon. 26 45 49	30. 08	S.E.	Serene.	Cirrostratus	
Tues. 27 44 51	30. 08	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.	
Wed. 28 57 59	29. 77	S.W. N.	Fair Cl.	Cumulus.	
Thurs. 29 51 47	29. 55	N.W. N.	Rain.	Cirrostratus	
Frid. 30 44 47	29. 97	S.W.	Serene.	Ditto.	
Satur. 31 43 44	30. 03	S.E. E.	Ditto.	Cir. Cum.	
Sun. 26 44 51	30. 15	S. E.	Moist	Cirrostratus	

Nights fair throughout the week, excepting Sunday. Mornings fair.

Highest temperature at noon, 58°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Sun entered Scorpio on Thursday, at 10h. 32m. A.M. Mercury at his greatest elongation on Thursday. Mars' geocentric long. on Sunday, at 6° 42' in Aquarius. Jupiter's ditto ditto 30° 12' in Scorpio. Sun's ditto ditto 30° 3' in Ditto. Length of day on Sunday, 9h. 58 min. Decreased, 6h. 35' Sun's hor. motion on Saturday 2' 29" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance 9.99712.

WILKIE'S ALFRED.

Dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

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Engraved in the first style by JAMES MITCHELL, after a Picture by DAVID WILKIE, Esq., R.A. Size, 24 inches by 18 high; Prints, 31s. 6d.; French Proofs, 63s.; India Proofs, 4l. 4s.; before letters, 6l. 6s.

* * * The Original Picture, containing a Portrait of Mr. Wilkie, from which the above Engraving has been executed, is in the possession of the Publishers, who will be happy to show it to any of the nobility or gentry desirous of its inspection.

London: Published by Moon, Boys, and Graves, Printers to the King, 6, Pall-mall; and sold by F. G. Moon, Thread-needle-street.

Who have also on Sale,

THE BLIND FIDDLER; READING A WILL; DUNCAN GRAY, and all the Subjects which have been engraved after Wilkie and Burnet.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received, too late for insertion this week, a Letter, from a respected Correspondent, containing some observations upon the Article on the King's College, which appeared lately in 'The Athenæum.' It will appear in our next Number; and we take this opportunity of stating, that we shall be happy to receive Contributions from persons who may object, upon any grounds, to that article. We are particularly anxious that our opinions should not remain uncontroverted if they are false; and still more anxious that the subject which called them forth should receive a fair, free, and full discussion.

An article upon the condition of the Spanish and Italian Refugees, will be published in our next Number.

We promised our readers a report of the Lectures at the London University; but we are glad to hear that we may break our promise without disappointing a single reader, for the Lectures will be published, and will consequently come before us in our critical capacity.

This day is published, price 7s. 6d.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. V.

CONTENTS:—I. Arabic Literature.—II. Language and Literature of the Magyars (Hungarian).—III. IV. French Histories of the English Revolution.—V. Laplace's Celestial Mechanics, Vol. V.—VI. Karmashin's History of Russia.—VII. French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century.—VIII. Greece.—IX. The Pyrenees.—X. Tegner's Legend of Erithiof.—XI. Turkey and Russia.—XII. Critical Sketches.—XIII. Protestantism in France.—XIV. Matter's History of Gnosticism.—XV. Wronski's Canons of Logarithms.—XV. Sempere's Greatness and Decline of the Spanish Monarchy.—XVI. De Vigny's Cinq Mars, a Romance.—XVII. Dandolo's Letters on Rome, Naples, Florence, and Venice.—XVIII. Van der Veide's Life and Letters.—XIX. Grabbe's Dramatic Poems.—XX. Vassalli's Maltese Grammar.—Miscellaneous Literary Notices.—List of New Publications on the Continent for the last three months.—Index to the Second Volume.

Printed for Treutzel, Wurtz, and Co., 30, Soho-square; and sold by all booksellers; of whom any who had the four preceding Numbers. No. VI. will be published in December.

'It is a pleasure to us to state, that the conductors of 'The Foreign Quarterly' have fulfilled our expectations, and executed their arduous task in a manner that leaves almost nothing to be desired. Their Journal has passed through the period of its sonage: and the fifth Number, now published, is not only better than the first, but we would put it with confidence into the hands of any impartial reader of 'The Edinburgh' and 'The Quarterly,' the most celebrated journals of the class, and leave it to him to decide whether it was, in point of talent and interest, on a par with either.—*Spectator*, 8th October.

'The present Number of 'The Foreign Quarterly Review' is decidedly superior to any of the former ones. The contributors are apparently increased in number, and are of more distinguished talents. The work displays research, intelligence, and an independent tone of criticism, as well in the literary as in the political department, which cannot be too highly recommended. From an article on Turkey and Russia, which cannot fail to be interesting and instructive at this moment, we make the following extract:—*New Times*.

'The present Number is a triumphant reply to all charges of a literary nature. It has its faults, however; but its imperfections are of a rare character, and amply compensated for by the omission and commission into which it occasionally falls.' After going over most of the articles, the journalist remarks on that of Turkey and Russia, that it 'is written from personal observation and authentic documents, and will be read with considerable interest. It is equally temperate, sound, and discreet. Concurring in sentiment, we have also good reason to be pleased with the manner of the writer.' The notice concludes with the following observations:—'Upon a review of the whole, we congratulate the conductors of the 'Foreign Quarterly' upon an evident improvement in the general character of this work. Perseverance, under such auspices, must ensure success.'—*Atlas*.

'The present Number is more than usually attractive. Of the variety of its contents some idea may be formed from the circumstance of its containing no fewer than twenty-one articles on different subjects; and all of them, so far as a cursory perusal has enabled us to decide, not only written in a pleasing style, but the productions of gentlemen intimately acquainted with the matters of which they treat. The whole Review, in fact, furnishes an intellectual treat which has seldom been equalled, and, we think, has rarely, if ever, been surpassed.'—*Morning Advertiser*.

The first four Numbers of this able and well-conducted Periodical we have already introduced to our readers. The fifth Number, now before us, is no less varied and interesting than the former ones. Several of the articles, besides containing a just appreciation, and an able epitome, of the works under review, are valuable as original compositions; and might, perhaps, be read with more pleasure and advantage than the works they notice. The first article, on Arabic Literature, is replete with valuable information and ingenious speculation. The second article contains a great deal of curious information respecting the ancient inhabitants of Hungary, and several very pretty translations from their rude poetry. The third article (on Guizot's History) is one of the best criticisms that have yet appeared in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review.' It is a model of what the critique of an historical work should be—manly, dispassionate, and respectful. The author's style has a peculiar sweetness and elegance, and a purity, not often to be met with in periodical literature.' After briefly noticing, in terms of commendation, articles four, five, six, and eight,—The ninth article, on the Pyrenees, is excellently written, and treats of an extremely interesting subject. There is throughout a tone of strong sound sense, and a somewhat satirical vein, which renders it peculiarly agreeable. From this article the reader may obtain a better idea of the Pyrenees than from the perusal of two or three ordinary volumes, and be exceedingly entertained at the same time. The Number concludes with an extremely able and interesting article on Turkey, which we recommend to the attentive perusal of every reader throughout the kingdom.—*Weekly Review*.

In 3 vols. post 8vo., price 72s.—Second Edition of
SALATHIEL; a STORY of the PAST, the PRESENT, and the FUTURE.
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DE LISLE; or, THE SENSITIVE MAN.
'This is unquestionably one of the best Novels of the class to which it belongs.'—*Times*.

'It presents a richer abundance of circumstances and sentiments than we can readily recall in any recent writer—equaling the author of 'De Vere' in the latter, and excelling him infinitely in the former.'—*Monthly Magazine*.

'It is a Novel of the most extraordinary fertility; it is, in truth, the book of matrimony.'—*Athenæum*.

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On the 31st of October will be published, in 4 vols.

ZILLAH; a TALE of the HOLY CITY.
By the Author of 'Brambletye House,' 'The Tor Hill,' and 'Reuben Aspley.'

Printed for Henry Colburn, New Burlington-street, London.

The following are also just published, or nearly ready:

THE ANGLO-IRISH of the NINETEENTH CENTURY. A Novel. In 3 vols. post 8vo., 31s. 6d.

LIFE IN INDIA; or the ENGLISH at CALCUTTA. 3 vols., post 8vo., 28s. 6d.

TALES of the GREAT ST. BERNARD. 3 vols., post 8vo.

THE PROTESTANT; a Tale of the Reign of Queen Mary.

By the Author of 'De Foix,' 'The White Hoods.' 3 vols., post 8vo.

THE MAN OF TWO LIVES, a Narrative, related by Him self. 2 vols., post 8vo., 18s.

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PELHAM; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman. Second Edition, 3 vols., post 8vo.

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